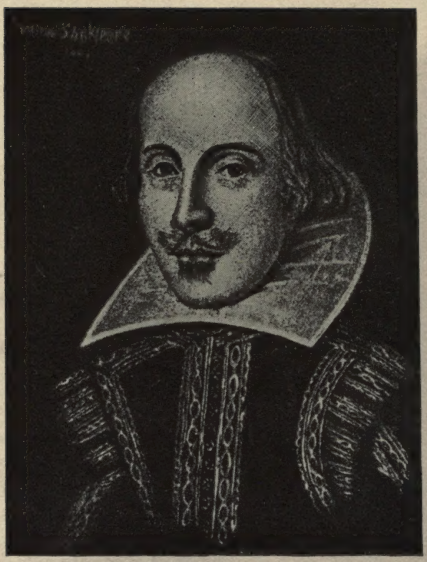
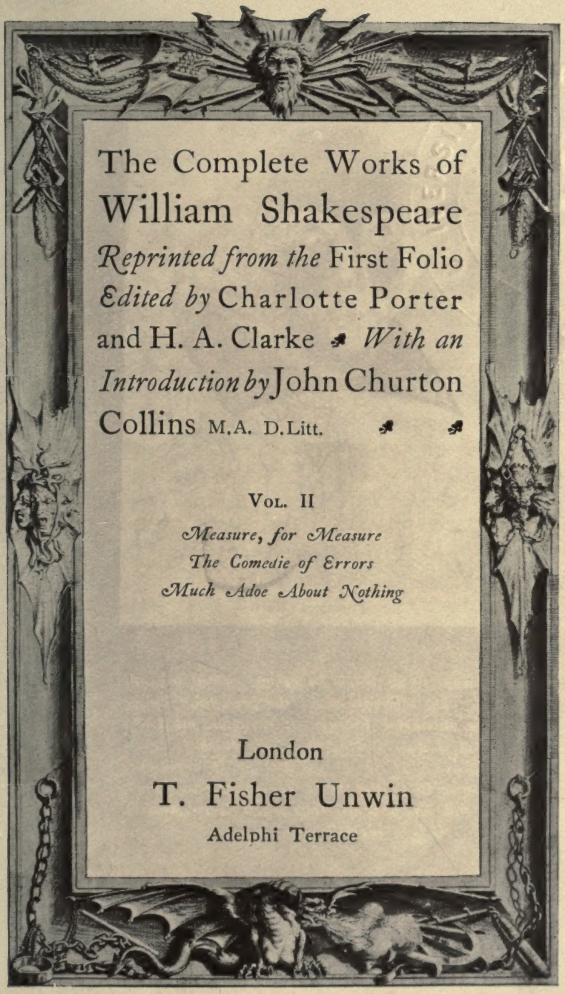
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The original from which Droeshout probably made the engraving reproduced in the preceding volume is in the Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon; and it is a copy of this painting which is reproduced above. It is supposed that it represents Shakespeare in a part he is known to have acted, that of Old Knowell in Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour."

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The Complete Works of William Shakespeare

Reprinted from the First Folio

Edited by Charlotte Porter and H. A. Clarke

With an Introduction by John Churton Collins M.A. D.Litt.

VOL. II

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BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY

CONCERNING the supreme Englishman of Elizabethan England, it is impossible to construct an adequate personal history built solely out of facts of accredited record.

Yet only an indubitable biography bare of tradition, colourless of dazzlement from the light exhaustlessly burning in Shakespeare's writings, can fulfil the modern desire for sure knowledge of the events in Shakespeare's life.

The impossibility of much assured knowledge grows naturally out of a primary fact — social habit in Elizabethan England. Since into the scope of this fact Shakespeare was born, it becomes significant, incidentally, at the outset, to see that it directly affects the question of such biography as the modern mind desires.

The utmost possible appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare in his day, here and there, among the more advanced minds, or generally among the people with whom he lived, could not greatly change the way of life then belonging to the people as a whole. That way of life led them to be incapable of exact facts even about the titled and official personages for whom they greatly cared. It led them to care nothing in particular for any facts about a commoner, an actor and writer of plays. Only rank, office under state or church, and landed property insured a man any precise current rec-

ord. Hence it was natural, and not yet grown so remote and uncommon that it need be declaimed against, that Shakespeare's external life remained traceable chiefly through legal documents as to his personal emotions, and through haphazard mention as to his artistic achievements. It is not surprising, nor is it necessarily a mercenary sign in him, that memoranda as to money matters multiplied toward the close of his life, as he more and more emerged, because of his artistic success, from the vagueness naturally encircling him as a playwriter of genius into the prominence naturally attaching to him as an Englishman of property.

It is through no uncommon happening to the son of a rising English tradesman that the birthday of that baby of world-wide homage, William Shakespeare, is not a matter of record, but that his christening day is. The pervading importance of the church as an English institution lends the light by which he first is seen. The earliest parish register of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire — a thick folio of vellum bound in metal-edged leather, wherein were transcribed in 1600 and later the entries of baptisms, marriages, and funerals in the parish — still holds one page whose fourth line from the top, written in church Latin, has come to be of eminent interest:

1564. '*April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere.*'

The next actually certain and indisputable record extant directly and personally concerning Shakespeare himself follows eighteen years later — his marriage.

In the absence of light upon his boyhood and youth which is not borrowed from interweaving a series of traditions, dating a century or so later, with facts concerning his family, and with inferences that are more or less matters of individual judgment, it seems best

here to separate from Shakespeare's story these traditions and inferences, and to place all that remains — the facts of record — in order, leaving them to betray what they may of the pathway of his life.

Such mute and meagre but trustworthy marks along his trail are like the impersonal traces only here and there remaining to indicate, to each silently observing eye, which direction a boyish singer took whose voice and glance once meant the utmost vividness possible to young life.

The same volume holding the entry of Shakespeare's baptism contains two prior entries of the baptism of children of John Shakespeare: Jone, September 15, 1558, and Margareta, December 2, 1562. The funeral of Margaret is set down in the following April, but whether or not a six-year-old sister Jone was left to greet the baby brother when he came into the world cannot be certain, since, although the church register fails to record Jone's death, it records later the birth of a second Jone, and as no other notice of Jone I remains, she may have died either after or before William was born.

Silences like these in such records reveal the necessarily incomplete nature of the evidence which yet must be clung to if what measure of sure knowledge of the Poet is left standing after three intervening centuries is to be sifted out of the darkness of the past.

The parish of Aston Cantlowe in Wilmecote, where Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, lived as a girl, had apparently not even begun to keep registers either carefully or carelessly when she and John Shakespeare were married. But property of as substantial a kind as her father, Robert Arden, husbandman, and his father Thomas, also a farmer, possessed, does not

fail to entitle the Ardens to more detailed and certain documentary record than remains of their poorer neighbours, the Shakespeares of Snitterfield, from whom John Shakespeare sprang, and whence he came to settle in Stratford, leaving his father Richard and brother Henry there employed in farming.

When Robert Arden of Wilmecote and his father Thomas were assessed for one of the subsidies levied on his subjects by Henry VIII, they were two of the four men of greatest substance in the parish. And a later subsidy found Robert the second richest man. His will, now in the Registry Court of Worcester, leaves to his youngest daughter Mary his best piece of land, Ashbies, some fifty-four acres out of his total acreage of a hundred and fifty or so, together with the farm-house, the 'crop apone the grounde' standing 'as hitt is,' and 'in moneye vi*li* xiii*s* iiii*d*.' This will arranges for the living of his widow in the same house with his daughter Alice, who was the other executor with Mary of his estate. Toward Mary's marriage as prospective and taking place later, this will of November, 1556, bears the witness lacking from the parish register.

If, when William was born, Mrs. Shakespeare's first child, Jone, as well as her second, Margaret, had died, to how tender a welcome for the first-born son do these formal dry parchments lend their halting testimony!

A plague ravaged Stratford in July of Shakespeare's birth-year, and the town books show that Shakespeare's father contributed toward the relief of the town. Whether or not his mother trembled then for the peril to her last-born three-months-old baby, certainly the nations may tremble now at the conjecture of what the world might be without its Shakespeare.

There is record left in Stratford that in the same autumn of 1556 when Robert Arden died John Shakespeare made substantial preparation for living well, by purchasing two properties, a house and garden in Greenhill Street, and a double house with a garden in Henley Street, now known to travellers as the Shakespeare Museum, side by side with the house still longer known as 'the Birthplace.' His purchase was subject to the usual payment of a fee yearly to the lord of the manor, the Earl of Warwick; and it happens that a list taken for the queen later, in 1590, of the Henley Street tenants paying manorial fees to the great noble of the shire, identifies this house as the home to which Shakespeare was born in 1564, and to which, some seven years before his birth, his mother came as a bride.

The very earliest reference, 1552, made to his father in the Stratford records also connects him with Henley Street. He was then fined 12*d.* for making a refuse-heap there, two other burghers being fined along with him to the same amount for a like offence. The simple sanitary regulations of a sixteenth-century country town are thus illustrated. They consisted, it appears from the records, in preferring as dumping places several dispersed specified 'public dunghills.'

The same year as the purchase of his home in Henley Street, John Shakespeare was summoned to serve on a jury. The style and title then given him is 'John Shakespere, glover.' Again is it so given him thirty years later, in a legal paper preserving the fact that he went to the neighbouring town of Coventry to give bail for a Stratford tinker whom he thus befriended. From other remaining records of his trans-

actions and suits, it comes out that he dealt in various articles made of leather and also in grain, malt, and such country produce.

By the time his first son was born, 'John Shakespere, glover,' had risen to successive town offices: first, 1557, ale-taster, or tester for the town of malt liquors and bread; then town councillor; constable; affeeror, that is, assessor of just such fines as he and his fellow-townsmen had to pay for their individual dirt-heaps; chamberlain, or treasurer; and, finally, the next year after his son was born, alderman. He was so repeatedly employed as auditor for the town of the chamberlains' accounts and as appraiser of property that it would seem he must have been recognized as a man of practical ability and of a skill in reckoning not in the least inconsistent — at a period when accounts were cast with counters, as the shepherd's talk in 'Winter's Tale' (IV. iii. 38) illustrates — with another fact shown by the town papers, that, like most of his generation in Stratford, he signed his name with a mark.

In 1567, when he was first nominated for head bailiff or mayor, he is first written down as 'Mr Shakspeyr.' The important small prefix 'Mr.' is repeated in 1568, the year when he was successful in being elected to that office, the same year also when his first application was made to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms. The parish register reflects his increasing social importance in the same slight but significant manner in the further course of chronicling the baptism of his children: Gilbert, Oct. 13, 1566; Jone, April 15, 1569; Anna, Sept. 28, 1569 (buried in April, 1571); Richard, Mch. 11, 1574; Edmund, May 3, 1580. The 'Johannes Shakspere'

of the earlier entries becomes 'Magistri Shakspere' in 1571, and thereafter always appears as 'Mr.'

The next mark along the Shakespeare trail is this striking fact: As mayor of Stratford, Shakespeare's father entertained actors officially for the first time in the town's history. Between Michaelmas, 1568 and 1569, within his term of office, when Shakespeare was a five-year-old urchin, the queen's and the Earl of Leicester's players came to town and were given an official welcome. They may have come before without it, of course. In such case no one now is likely to be the wiser. Their coming is in ken now because Mayor John Shakespeare officially paid the queen's players nine shillings and the earl's twelve pence for first performances before himself and the aldermen, the town being admitted free. Admission might be charged at later performances; but, according to custom, the 'Mayor's play' was open to the public.

'To the Mayor's play,' writes Willis, a man born in the neighbouring city of Gloucester, the same year as William Shakespeare, 'every one that will comes in without money, the Mayor giving unto the players a reward as he thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play my father tooke me with him, and made mee stand betweene his leggs as he sate upon one of the benches, where wee saw and heard very well. . . . This sight tooke such impression in mee that when I came towards mans estate it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted.' This Willis records in 'Mount Tabor. Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner, published in the yeare of his age 77 Anno Dom. 1639.' Will Shakespeare's mind can scarcely be supposed to be less impressionable.

The Coventry Corpus Christi Players were playing

during Shakespeare's youth. They played at Bristol in 1570, and their road ran through Stratford. In 1575, when Shakespeare was eleven, Queen Elizabeth was entertained by Leicester with wide-heralded festivities and shows at Kenilworth, within a walk of Stratford. Coventry is but five miles farther on.

In the next year, 1576, and the next, companies of players came to Stratford, and again from 1579 on for eight years each twelvemonth brought its actors to Shakespeare's town. 1587, the richest year of all, brought five companies, the queen's, Leicester's, and Essex's among them.

Teaching was to be had free to boys of Stratford at the 'Kings New School.' It was in charge of Walter Roche in 1570, an Oxford man, fellow of Corpus Christi, and to him, in 1577, the curate of Luddington, Thomas Hunt, succeeded. Such schools led boys, after just such initial instruction in the horn-book and the *b-a's* as Moth makes fun with in 'Loves Labour's Lost' (V. i. 49-60), through just such a first book in Latin as William Page recites from to Parson Hugh in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' (IV. i. 13-63), Lily's Grammar and the 'Sententiæ Pueriles' being passed, to the 'Eclogues' of Mantuanus, praised in 'Loves Labour's Lost' (IV. iii. 97-101), to Plautus, Ovid, Virgil, Seneca, Terence, Cicero, Horace, and the rudiments of Greek. It had not yet occurred to the pedagogic mind that anything but the classics was a subject for instruction, and Latin was, of course, as common as geography, physiology, and arithmetic now.

In 1571 John Shakespeare was chief alderman. In 1575 he bought an additional house, the one adjoining, now called 'the Birthplace.'

So far the facts betoken comfort and prosperity. But when Shakespeare was fourteen a decided stroke of misfortune from the money point of view befell the family, through the father's mortgaging his wife's property of Ashbies to her brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, for £40, for it led to the Shakespeares' loss of their estate.

Early in the same year, 1578, the town council agreed 'that every alderman, suche underwrytten excepted, shall paye towardes' the equipment of pikemen, billmen, and archer 'vj*s.* viij*d.*,' and 'Mr. Shaxpeare' was one of the two let off with paying less. Later in the year he and another were excused from a weekly poor-tax levied on the aldermen. The next year he is named among those failing to pay a levy on all the citizens for the purchase of armour. He and his wife parted with his individual share in Snitterfield property for £4, and they parted with her interest in other Snitterfield property for £40. He begins in 1578 to absent himself from the town council meetings, still more the next year, and then so altogether that in 1586 an alderman was chosen to fill his place, since he 'dothe not come to the halles . . . nor hath not done of longe tyme.'

Shakespeare's sister Anna died in April just before her brother's fifteenth birthday, and the sadness of this, together with the family distresses, particularly over Ashbies, regarding which repeated interviews and arrangements with the Lamberts were sought in vain by his father, must have brought Shakespeare early face to face with some of the relentless words of life.

If in the spring of the year 1580, when the £40 was to be repaid, his brother was christened Edmund in deference to Uncle Edmund Lambert, who had

lent the money to the Shakespeares on such good security, the compliment did not serve to loosen his grasp upon the land. The law of the time favoured a creditor's absolute ownership of security if repayment was not made rigidly on the day specified, and though the Shakespeares claimed in their first legal appeal against Lambert, as in other complaints later, that John took his £40 across Barton Heath to Edmund at Michaelmas of 1580, and that it was refused because there were other debts that must be paid, some confusion as to the time sticks to these claims, due, it may be, to misfortune rather than fault of the Shakespeares. The result, however, remained inexorable.

1582. '*Datum 28 die Novembris anno regni domine nostre Elizabethe . . . &c. 25°.*'

The church registers at Luddington and at Temple-Grafton are not extant to yield record of Shakespeare's marriage as taking place in 1582. It is a fact assured by a bond preserved in Worcester at the bishop's registry. This bond was made in anticipation of the marriage and to guarantee the bishop of the diocese, who would be held responsible for such a course as was taken, from any objection that might be made against him for allowing this marriage of 'William Shagspere and Anne Hathawey, of Stratford in the diocese of Worcester,' to take place with but once asking of the banns, instead of the usual thrice. It happens that there is also preserved in the bishop's registers in Worcester an entry for a marriage license, November 27, 1582, between 'Willielmum Shaxpere' and 'Annam Whateley de Temple Grafton' — how explicable, whether the same William and Anne or not, nobody knows.

The Stratford registers supply the next facts on record and introduce Shakespeare as father:

1583. '*B. May 26. Susanna, daughter to William Shakspere.*'

1585. '*B. February 2. Hamnet & Judeth, sonne and daughter to William Shakspere.*'

Shakespeare's uncles, Henry Shakespeare of Snitterfield and Edmund Lambert of Wilmecote, cross the path of his family fortunes in 1587. Henry owed £22. His debtor claimed that John Shakespeare had made himself responsible if Henry did not pay it. He did not, and John was troubled with a series of suits over it. Edmund, the withholder of Ashbies, died, and his son and heir John was visited by John Shakespeare, as he claimed later, with a proposition to pay the old debt, and also with a new proposition to yield him undisputed title on his payment of £40. In this new application, which was ineffective, William Shakespeare joined his father and mother, as also in the complaint brought against Lambert two years later.

1587-1589. '*Johannes Shackespere et Maria uxor ejus, simulcum Willielmo Shackespere filio suo,*' etc.

This is the last recorded Stratford mention of Shakespeare before London mention begins. Whether he was in Stratford then, or already in London, there is no certain sign.

The final records concerning him in Stratford — his growing family, the vexed question of Ashbies, and his father's harassments — clearly provide spurs sharp enough to prick the sides of any intent a sensitive spirit might feel, either then or earlier, to win fortune to befriend him in London.

Something of the sense of injured pride and des-

perate ambition with which the Shakespeares would naturally cling to the lost estate echoes in these words from one of their actions for the recovery of the land 'the sayde John wrongfullie still keepeth': 'the sayde John Lamberte ys of greate wealthe and abilitie, & well frended and alied amongest gentlemen and freeholders of the countrey in the saide countie of Warwicke, where he dwelleth, and your saide oratours are of small wealthe and verey fewe frendes and alyance in the saide countie.'

This year of 1587 was the year, already noticed, when as many as five companies of actors visited Stratford, among them the Earl of Leicester's players.

1592. '*The onlie Shake-scene*,' etc.

A new drama of 'Henry VI' was brought out in March of this year, at the Rose Theatre, by the players formerly Leicester's, now Lord Strange's. Talbot, as he appears in '1 Henry VI,' is spoken of that summer as 'new embalmed with the teears of ten thousand spectators at least' in Nash's 'Pierce Pennilesse,' printed in 1592. Robert Greene wrote from his death-bed, September 4, making use of Clifford's line in '3 Henry VI,' I. iv. 137, 'O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,' for a fling at Shakespeare's sudden eminence. In his 'Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,' published by his friend Henry Chettle, September 20, Greene warned 'those Gentlemen his Quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making Plaies,' that there was 'an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; & being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onlie Shake-scene in a countrie.'

Chettle himself, in December, in his Preface to 'Kind Heart's Dreame,' adds clearness to this scarcely disguised allusion to Shakespeare and his collaborator in '3 Henry VI' by suing for pardon to one of the two playmakers aggrieved by Greene's hit. One of them he refers to as 'learned' and the other as an actor, 'whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had . . . because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exellent in the qualitie he professes;—besides divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approoves his art.'

1593. '*xviii° Aprilis.—Richard Feild . . . a booke intuled Venus and Adonis.*'

But the sudden fame of Shakespeare's poem, 'Venus and Adonis,' mounted higher in the esteem of 'divers of worship' than any play could climb at that time. It was published by his fellow-townsman from Stratford, Richard Field, whose father's estate had been appraised at home by the Poet's father the year before. Its dedication, signed by William Shakespeare, challenged with a graceful adventurousness, modest but not obsequious, the patronage of the most notable in literary taste of the young courtiers of the day, the Earl of Southampton, and won it, along with the acclaim of the town. Seven editions were issued inside of ten years. Thus the year that saw Kit Marlowe's unfortunate death saw Will Shakespeare launched on the crest of fortune. The saying of the fop Gullio in 'The Return from Parnassus,' acted at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1599, expresses in a representative way its vogue: 'O sweet Mr Shakespeare! I'll have his picture in my study at the Court. . . . Let the dunci-

fiede age esteem of Spenser and Chaucer, I'll worshipp sweet Mr. Shakespeare, and to honour him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my pillow, as we read of one (I do not well remember his name, but I am sure he was a king) slept with Homer under his bed's head.'

1594. '*9 May. Mr. Harrison . . . a booke intituled the Ravyshement of Lucrece.*'

Shakespeare's second dedication to Southampton in his 'Lucrece' revealed his advance into his patron's favour, and the poem received such choice praise among writers as Drayton gave it in his 'Legend of Mathilda' (1594), referring to Lucrece of Rome as 'Lately revivd to live another age,' and such direct allusion and specific naming of the Poet as this in 'Willobie his Avisa' (1594):

> 'Though Collatine have deerely bought
> To high renowne a lasting life,
> And found that most in vaine have sought,
> To have a faire and constant wife,
> Yet Tarquyne pluckt his glistering grape,
> And Shake-speare paints poore Lucrece rape.'

The triumph of the year as Poet closed with fresh honour as Player and Playwright. He appeared before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich Palace during the holidays, as the following entry in her Treasurer's MS. accounts sets forth: 'to William Kempe, William Shakespeare and Richarde Burbage, servauntes to the Lord Chamberleyne, upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall xv^to^ Marcij, 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes shewed by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz., upon St. Stephens daye & Innocentes daye xiij*li.* vj*s.* viijd, &

by waye of her Majesties rewarde vj.*li.* xiijs. iiij*d*, in all xx*li.*'

The same December holidays, the 28th, 'The Comedie of Errors' is recorded at the Temple as 'played by the players' before the students at the Hall in Gray's Inn.

Henceforth, each holiday season during the remaining years of Elizabeth's reign, there is record of plays before her by the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

Weever's sonnet includes, along with mention of the poems, allusion to the earliest tragedy, 'Romeo and Juliet,' and another of the histories, and thus furnishes evidence of work done up to this time, in addition to the earlier histories and the comedies already named, of which contemporary record is lacking. Weever's 'more whose names I know not' is like Banquo's glass. It images the shadowy many in the background — the much unknown exactly in the royal succession of Shakespeare's achieved dramas. The Sonnet is addressed:

AD GULIELMUM SHAKESPEARE

'Honie-tong'd *Shakespeare*, when I saw thine issue,
I swore Apollo got them and none other
Their rosie-tainted features cloth'd in tissue,
Some heaven-born goddesse said to be their mother;
Rose-checkt *Adonis* with his amber tresses,
Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love her,
Chaste *Lucretia*, virgine-like her dresses,
Prowd lust stung *Tarquine* seeking still to prove her,
Romea, Richard; more whose names I know not,
Their sugred tongues and power attractive beuty
Say they are Saints, althogh that Sts they shew not,
For thousand vowes to them subjective dutie;

They burn in love; thy children, Shakespear het them;
Go, wo thy muse; more nymphish brood beget them.'

From London achievements so brilliant Shakespeare's eyes were turned to Stratford by the death of his son, whose funeral is entered in the church register:

1596. '*F. August 11. Hamnet filius William Shakspere.*' His uncle Henry died during the Christmas holidays, while Shakespeare's company was performing before the queen at Whitehall. His father's application this year to the College of Heralds resulted in his obtaining a pattern for a coat of arms, and a draft of the proposed grant was made out, which is still on record, though not executed.

1597. '*A Pleasant Conceited Comedie*' called 'Loves Labour's Lost,' played in the holidays before the queen at Whitehall, was an earlier success, one of Weever's many 'more,' for it was revised, 'newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare,' and prepared especially for the presentation given before the queen 'this last Christmas,' as its title-page of 1598 says.

Recorded sign in 1597 of Shakespeare's continued personal attachment to Stratford as his home, which is lacking with relation to the more intimate event of his son's death, is found in his purchase for £60 of New Place, the finest residence in the town, built for Sir Hugh Clopton in 1496; 'a pratty house of bricke and tymbre,' opposite a 'goodly Churche in a fayre street,' says a writer describing it in 1540.

Again, with relation to material affairs, record of which is demanded by custom, Shakespeare's strong continued interest in his family's affairs is revealed by the fact that a chancery suit was begun against John Lambert for

recovery of Ashbies. The plea dates November 24, 1597, and a series of court orders for hearing witnesses runs from July, 1598, to October, 1599. This necessarily expensive struggle for the Arden property testifies that London success had not obscured but rather brightened the old Stratford desires. No decree of the court was ever recorded.

Letters of Stratfordians belong to this first epoch of attainment, and show Shakespeare in a position upon which his townsmen place friendly dependence, as the following extracts illustrate:

1. From a letter of January 24, 1597, from Abraham Sturley to his brother-in-law in London, Richard Quiney, whose son married Judith Shakespeare later:

'This is one speciall remembrance from ur fathers motion. Itt seemeth bi him that our countriman, Mr. Shaksper, is willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shotterie or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes. Bi the instruccions u can geve him thereof, and bi the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att, and not unpossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, and would do us muche good.'

2. From a letter of Sturley to Quiney acknowledging a letter of October 25, 1597, saying 'that our countriman Mr. Wm. Shak. would procure us monei, which I will like of as I shall heare when and wheare and howe; and I prai let not go that occasion if it mai sorte to any indifferent condicions. Allso that if monei might be had for 30 or 40*l.* a lease, &c might be procured.'

3. A letter from Quiney 'To my lovinge good ffrend and contreyman Mr. Wm. Shackespere':

'Lovinge contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a ffrende, cravinge your helpe with xxx*li.* uppon M^r^ Bushells and my securytee, or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especiall cawse. You shall ffrende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debettes I owe in London, I thancke God, and muche quiet my mynde, which wolde nott be indebeted. I am nowe towardes the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my buysenes. You shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; and nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare, butt, with all hartie thanckefullenes, I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr ffrende, and yf we bargaine farther, you shal be the paiemaster yowrselfe. My tyme biddes me hastene to an ende, and soe I committ thys to yowr care and hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night ffrom the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow and with vs all, Amen! ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 October 1598.

'Yowrs in all kyndenes,

'Ryc. Quyney.'

By the time Shakespeare had reached his thirty-fourth year, then, even these inadequate records are enough to show that he had grasped material comfort in Stratford and artistic supremacy in London. Where he most wanted endearing quiet and well-being, at home in Stratford, with family and kindred, he took pains to secure an established mansion. In the years following he proceeded to add unto it broad lands and means for its fit maintenance. Out among men, on the other hand, in the stir and stream of life in Lon-

don, he was not yet content to pause, though he had achieved a mass of work in the thirty-four years of his life up to that time, so compactly summed up by a contemporary critic that his statement has served the world ever since as the best single measure of the results of genius.

This critic, Francis Meres, in a chapter in his 'Wits Commonwealth or Palladis Tamia,' compares the poets of England with the Greek and Latin poets. He parallels Shakespeare with the classics under every division of his subject: with 'the sweete wittie soule of Ovid' he links the poems and 'sugred sonnets' of 'mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare'; with 'Plautus and Seneca the best among the Latines for Comedy and Tragedy,' he places 'Shakespeare among the English the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' The famous list follows: 'for comedy witnes his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummer Nights dreame, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.' With the best lyrick poets, and the best tragick poets, with the best poets among the Greekes for Comedy and the most famous for Tragedy, and those for elegy 'the most passionate among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of love,' with all in every list Shakespeare's name shines out. Other names often precede his, it is true. Who is Doctor Leg of Cambridge, may well be asked now, that he should be first on a list of English dramatists that is paired with the supreme Greek tragedians? And who are Maister Edwardes, Edwarde Earle of Oxford, Lord Buckhurst, for example, that they should rank ahead of Will

Shakespeare anywhere? The lesser lights of these higher-placed gentry have sputtered into blankness, while Shakespeare's holds fresh brilliancy, and suffices to redeem his contemporary critic's errors in adjudging precedence here and there by his discernment in fixing the Player-poet so early and so firmly among his stars.

Signs of Shakespeare's continuance as a Player are not less steadfast, though much less conspicuous, than as a Playwright and as a Stratfordian. His life as an actor apparently never ceased during his London successes, and in 1598, this year marking so much attainment past, it is clear that he played in Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in His Humour,' since his name appears at the head of the original list of actors.

The chief mention extant of the plays added by his 'right happy and copious industry' to Meres's oft-cited tale may now follow. And as, continuously all along with the creation of the great plays, the tenacity of his hold upon Stratford as his home is evident, the two streams of intermittent testimony may fitly flow on together, side by side, to betray what little they may of the brain and heart of the deviser behind them.

1599. '*And to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men, Shakspere, Hemmings, Condall, Philips & others, partners in the profittes of that they call the House.*'

Thus in an address to the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, a manuscript now in the Public Record Office, London, in which they stated their side of the difficulties they had with other of their actors, the Burbages — owners of the Theatre, the Globe, and finally of Blackfriars — preserve for posterity the fact of the shares they leased out for twenty-one years. These shares assured Shakespeare a far larger

part in his successes than he could have won either as actor or as author. The same address explains, too, that in the days of the Theatre the players had only 'the profitts arising from the dores,' but now, since the building of the Globe, they 'receave all the cummings in at the doores to themselves and halfe the galleries.'

1600. '*4 Augusti.—As You likeyt, a booke*; *Henry the Fift, a booke*; *The Commedie of Muche Adoo about nothinge, a booke*, } *to be Staied*'

Whether or not, as sharer in the company, Shakespeare was interested in the staying of these plays from the hands of the printers which this famous entry in the Stationers' Books indicates, the richness of his literary harvest by the year 1600 is shown by it, and there are to be added entries of 'A mydsommer nightes dreame' and 'The Merchant of Venyce.' In Weever's 'Mirror of Martyrs' an allusion is clear to Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar':

> 'The many-headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious,
> When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
> His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?
> Man's memory, with new, forgets the old,
> One tale is good until another's told.'

Meanwhile in Stratford, while he was himself in London, an item appears of his recovery of £7 from John Clayton.

1601. '*Poeticall Essaies . . . Shadowing the Truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. Done by the best and cheifest of our moderne writers.*'

Chapman, Jonson, and Marston contributed with Shakespeare to this volume of Chester's 'Love's Mar-

tyr'; and Shakespeare's contribution, mystical and symbolic, signed by him, is a tantalizingly interesting fact in the history of his authorship.

This was the year of the rebellion of Essex, and in London, all around Shakespeare, tumult surged. In it his patron Southampton, and a group of nobles allied with him to the fortunes of Essex, were involved, and the venturous playing of 'Richard II,' with its deposition scene, suppressed before as hateful to the queen, occasioned the examination of his fellow-player Philips, but Shakespeare himself seems to be clear of tanglement, whatever his feelings may have been.

In Stratford, in the parish register, is set down:

1601. '*F.—Septemb. 8. Mr. Johannes Shakspeare.*'

No grave or other memorial of him remains in Stratford.

1602. '*xxvj^to^ Julij.—James Robertes.—Entred . . . A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett . . . as yt was latelie Acted by the Lo: Chamberleyn his servantes.*'

The earliest remaining reference to Shakespeare by name in relation to the great play is an interesting one, not printed, however, till 1604, in 'Daiphantus,' where, after praise of Sidney's 'Arcadia,' it is written: 'or to come home to the vulgars element, . . . friendly Shakespeare's tragedies, where the commedian rides, when the tragedian stands on tiptoe; Faith, it should please all, like Prince Hamlet.'

'The Merry Wives of Windsor' was entered the same year, earlier. Along with the record of these two imperfect copies of these plays, as now we know them, comes the customary evidence that the Poet remembered Stratford, from the title-deed of May 1, 1602, conveying 'Fowre yarde lande . . . conteyning by estimacion one hundred and seven

acres' from 'John Combe of Olde Stretford . . . gentleman' to 'William Shakespere of Stretford-uppon-Avon . . . gentleman.' A purchase from Walter Getley, still further enlarging the estate he was building up at home, was also made that September, of a cottage and garden in Chapel Lane, near New Place.

1603. '*The Players Priviledge*,'

and License of May 17, 'By the King,' authorized 'these our servantes, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage,' and others named, 'freely to use and exercise the arte and facultie of playing comedies, tragedies, histories.' This is the eminent memorandum of the year for Shakespeare, although he had played before the queen in February at Richmond just before her death in March. Henceforth his company was the king's, receiving £30 from him on first playing before him at Wilton in December, and playing again before him at Christmas and New Year at Whitehall and Hampton Court.

1604. '*Hallamas Day being the first of Novembar A play in the Banketinge house att Whithall called the Moor of Venis*,'

was played by his Majesty's players, as appears from the Accounts of the 'Court Revels'; the 'Sunday ffollowinge,' 'Merry Wives,' and on 'St Stivens Night in the Hall . . . Mesur for Mesur,' and on 'Inosents Night The Plaie of Errors,' all stated to be by 'Shaxberd.'

When the king made his triumphal entry in London in the spring of the same year, nine actors of this company were named in the Accounts as walking in the procession, William Shakespeare, with Burbage, Heminge, and Condell, among them, and each of them was presented by the king with four and a half yards of scarlet cloth.

Whatever glory came of ranking with the grooms of his Majesty's bedchamber thereafter, Stratford pursuits were not less followed, as the suit the Poet brought that July in Stratford against Philip Rogers for the balance of a debt of '*li* xix*s* x*d*' for malt bears witness.

1605. *July 24.* '*Unto the sayed William Shakespear, for and duringe all the residewe of the sayed terme,*'

was conveyed for £440, a lease of a moiety of the Stratford tithes.

That spring, May 4, Augustine Phillips willed 'to my fellowe William Shakespeare, a 30 shillinges peece in goold.' Earlier, March 3, another record of personal association is evidenced by his acting as godfather to William Davenant, son of John Davenant, host of the Crown Inn in Oxford.

1606. '*Mr. William Shakespeare his historye of King Lear*' was played, as the entry in the Stationers' Books of the next year shows, 'before the Kinges majestie at Whitehall uppon St. Stephans night at Christmas last.'

1607. '*M. Junij 5. John Hall gentleman and Susanna Shaxspere.*'

This notice of the marriage of Shakespeare's elder daughter is in the Stratford church register.

The notice of his brother Edmund's death, the player-brother who died in London, the register at St. Saviour's, Southwark, supplies, with the memorandum of the unusual honour and expense for an actor attending his burial, 'a fore noone knell of the great bell.'

1608. '*20 May.— Edw. Blount Entred . . . a booke called Anthony and Cleopatra.*'

This is in the London Registers. In Stratford church register appear the birth of Shakespeare's first

grandchild, 'Februar. 21. Elizabeth dawghter to John Hall, gen.,' and on September 9 the funeral of 'Mayry Shakspere, wydowe.' In Stratford, again, Shakespeare stood as godfather to William, son of his friend, Alderman Henry Walker.

1609. '*20 May. Tho. Thorpe . . . a Booke called Shakespeare's sonnettes.*'

The 'Never before Imprinted' line of the title-page in the published volume gives to the foregoing entry in the 'Stationers' Registers' the look of its being a long-buried treasure, not a new event in the story of Shakespeare's authorship by any means, and this falls in with the reference by Meres in 1598 to 'sugred sonnets.'

1610. '*Macbeth at the Glob, 1610 the 20 of Aprill*'

is the beginning of one of the interesting accounts of the plays which Dr. Simon Forman saw acted. It is taken from his MS. 'Bocke of Plaies and Notes therof.'

Twenty more acres bought of the Combes were added by Shakespeare to his Stratford estate this same year.

1611. '*In the Winters Talle at the Glob, 1611, 15 of Maye.* Observe ther howe Lyontes,' etc. Thus notes Dr. Forman again in his 'Diary.' There follows, also, without date, this: 'Of Cimbalin King of England,' etc.

In Stratford Shakespeare's name appears on the margin of a subscription list started on September 11, 'towards the charge of prosecuting the bill in Parliament for the better repair of the highway.'

1612. '*Richard Lane, Thomas Greene . . . and William Shackspeare gentleman, contra W. Combe.*'

This extract is from a bill of complaint of harm to the tithes by action of the Combes. Greene's interest is stated at a yearly value of £3, Shakespeare's at three-

score pounds. It is of special interest in its connection with further difficulties over the threatened injury to the tithes by inclosing of the fields held in common by Stratford citizens.

1613. *'Item, paid to John Heminges uppon the Cowncells warrant dated att Whitehall xx° die Maij, 1613.'*

This, from the treasurer's accounts in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, shows the performance of 'The Tempest,' with other plays, at the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth and Prince Frederick. The list reads: 'Much adoe abowte nothinge . . . the Tempest, the Winters Tale, Sir John Falstafe, the Moore of Venice, . . . Cæsar's Tragedye . . .' etc. And later, 'one playe called a badd begininge makes a good endinge . . . one other the Hotspurr, and one other called Benedicte and Betteris.'

The same spring, March 10, 'William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman,' bought a house in Blackfriars, London, 'in consideration of the somme of one hundred and fortie pounds.'

In the Stratford church register is entered, February 4, the funeral of 'Rich. Shakspeare,' leaving Gilbert the only surviving brother; but there is an unexplained entry of a funeral, 1612, February 3, of 'Gilbertus Shakspeare, adolescens.'

In June of the same year the last new play of Shakespeare's was played at the Globe, 'Henry VIII,' and during its performance, as various letters of that summer still remaining relate, the theatre was burned to the ground.

1614. *17 Nov.* *'My cosen Shakspeare comyng yesterday to towne, I went to see him how he did.'*

Much talk followed during this visit of Thomas Greene, the Stratford town clerk, upon the mooted injury to

their property in the tithes by the Combes' inclosure of the common lands, and Shakespeare in October had taken the precaution to make an agreement with William Replingham to make recompense for all 'losse . . . thought in the viewe of foure indifferent persons' to be sustained 'by reason of anie enclosure.'

John Combe had died that summer, July, leaving Shakespeare £5 in his will. His heir William was now intending to make the inclosure. Greene's 'Diary' gives further account of their talk, etc., thus:

'He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose noe further then to Gospell Bushe, and soe upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the Field) to the Gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisburyes peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothyng done at all.

'23. Dec. A hall. Lettres wryten on to Mr. Maneryng, another to Mr. Shakspeare, with almost all the companies handes to eyther. I alsoe wrytte of my self to my cosen Shakspear the coppyes of all our actes, and then also a not of the inconvenyences wold happen by the inclosure.'

1615. '*9 Jan. Mr. Replyngham, 28 Octobris: article with Mr. Shakspear.*'

This is again from Greene's 'Diary,' after which follows: '11 Januarii Mr Manyryng and his agreement for me with my cosen Shakspeare.' Finally: 'Sept. Mr. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that I was not able to beare the encloseing of Welcombe.' The project of inclosing Welcombe was given up.

1616. *25 March.* '*By me William Shakspeare.*'

Thus the Poet's will was signed. It left his younger

daughter Judith 150 'poundes of lawfull English money,' and another 150 after three years. It provided for his sister Jone Hart and her three sons, and left her the house 'wherein she dwelleth.' To his granddaughter, then but eight years old, all his plate was left 'except my brod silver and gilt bole' (which was left to Judith). Various bequests and remembrances to Stratford citizens follow: to his wife his 'second best bed with the furniture,' and to 'my fellowes, John Hemynges, Richard Burbage and Henry Cundell, xxvj*s.* viij*d* apeece [to] buy them ringes.' The remainder of his estate went to his daughter Susanna and his son-in-law Dr. John Hall, her husband, whom the Poet also made his executors. The marriage of Judith to Thomas Quiney had then taken place, and the following three entries of marriage, funeral, and baptism in the church register close this year:

'*M. Feabruary 10. Tho Queeny tow Judith Shakspere.*
'*F. Aprill 25. Will Shakspere, gent.*
'*B. November 23. Shaksper, fillius Thomas Quyny, gent.*'

This grandson died the next year. Two later-born sons to Judith died in 1639. In 1623 Mrs. Shakespeare, Shakespeare's widow, died, and was buried in the church chancel with her husband. The same year saw the publication of the first collected edition of the Plays of William Shakespeare, in London.

Shakespeare's daughter Susanna died July 11, 1649, and the Poet's only grandchild, Elizabeth, married successively to Thomas Nash in 1626, and, after his death in 1647, to Sir John Barnard of Abingdon, died childless February 17, 1669. The last descendant from his sister Jone, John Hart, died in 1800.

The Works of William Shakespeare remain alone, and enough, to honour their father.

EXPLANATORY

Text

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, [1] *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.
2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.
l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

Argument of the Play

THOUGH classed with the comedies, 'Measure for Measure' is a stern drama of violated justice and retribution, which is saved from being a tragedy only by a gleam of mercy at the close.

In order to introduce reforms into his city, the Duke of Vienna turns over the reins of government to a deputy, Angelo, a man of high reputation, and announces that he is going to travel; but instead he remains secretly in the city to watch affairs. The first offender brought before Angelo is Claudio, who has wronged his fiancée, Juliet. By an ancient law, hitherto unobserved, Claudio's offence is punishable by death; and to this fate the stern Angelo sentences him.

Claudio's sister, Isabella, hears of her brother's peril, and hastens to the deputy to plead for mercy (Act II). She arouses a passion in the cold-hearted Angelo, and in their second interview he offers to barter her brother's pardon for her own virtue.

She repulses the offer, and in Act III goes to Claudio in prison and tells him to prepare for death, since he can be saved only on disgraceful terms. Her brother at first upholds, then reproaches her. Meantime the disguised duke, who has kept pace with events, tells Isabella of another way to save her brother.

Following the duke's instructions (Act IV), Isabella appears to yield to Angelo's desires, but sends him, in her stead, a former deserted sweetheart of the deputy's. The deputy thinks it to be Isabella, yet violates his promise and orders the execution of Claudio, who is saved by a ruse.

In Act V the duke returns; Angelo is charged with seduction and murder; the duke condemns him to death, but pardons him on the intercession of Isabella; the latter finds a suitor in the duke himself, and Claudio is released and commanded to wed Juliet.

Sources

Shakespeare's play is derived from two earlier stories, but shows great improvement over both. The first source is from the eighth Decade of Giraldi Cinthio's 'Hecatommithi,' a collection of Italian tales similar to Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' This story's outline is given in its title, and runs as follows:

'Juriste is sent to Inspruch by the Emperor Maximilian, where he arrests a young man, who has violated a virgin, and condemns him to death; his sister endeavours to free him; Juriste gives her to understand that he will marry her and liberate her brother; she yields to him, and the same night Juriste causes her brother's head to be struck off and sent to her. She goes to the Emperor with her wrongs, and he orders Juriste to marry her; he then sentences Juriste to death; the lady obtains his pardon and lives with him in all affection.'

The later source is a play of George Whetstone's (1578), entitled 'Promos and Cassandra,' but never acted. This plot differs from Cinthio's chiefly in pre-

venting the execution of the brother in prison by a ruse similar to that made use of in 'Measure for Measure.' Shakespeare, in turn, improves further on the original plot by saving the virtue of the sister without altering the situation.

In 1582 Whetstone published a book of tales similar to that of Cinthio's, and entitled the 'Heptameron of Civil Discourses.' The above tale reappears here, and may have been the version known to Shakespeare, who, however, is indebted only for general outlines; for he re-creates his characters, giving them nobler lines and living force. The play as a whole rises to a dignity and symmetry lacking in the earlier stories.

Duration of the Action

The action is comprised in four days, as follows: The first day, Act I, scene i, is introductory, and followed by an interval. The second day extends from Act I, scene ii, to Act IV, scene ii. The third day comprises the next two scenes. The fourth day extends from Act IV, scene v, to the end of the play.

The period, according to Whetstone's story, was the time of Corvinus, King of Hungary, who died in 1490. Shakespeare, while changing the name of the city from Julio to Vienna, retained traits and costumes peculiar to the earlier plot. His play, therefore, lies near the close of the fifteenth century.

Date of Composition

'Measure for Measure' was produced between the years 1598 and 1605, according to meagre and unsubstantial external evidence. The former date is suggested by the fact that Meres does not mention it in

his list of that year; the latter, by an entry of the 'Court Revels,' from October, 1604, to October, 1605, which reads: 'By his Ma^tis Plaiers. On St Stivens night in the Hall, a Play caled Mesur for Mesur.' This entry, however, is now called a forgery, so we are thrown back upon internal evidence to determine our dates.

A likeness between the duke and King James has been repeatedly pointed out, and would seem to place the play at the time of that monarch's accession, 1603. This year is further supported by the play's strong similarity in tone and treatment to 'Hamlet,' and by metrical tests which place it among the maturer works. Critics are generally agreed in fixing the date at 1603 or 1604.

Early Editions

The First Folio edition of 1623 contains the earliest known text of this play. It occupies pages 61 to 84, and is fourth among the comedies. It is divided into acts and scenes, and is followed by 'The names of all the Actors,' which list omits Varrius and the Justice. The text is generally clear, though several obscure passages have given much trouble to commentators, who have no earlier version to fall back upon.

MEASURE, FOR MEASURE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, *the Duke.*
ANGELO, *Deputy.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord.*
CLAUDIO, *a young gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a fantastic.*
Two other Gentlemen.
PROVOST.
THOMAS, PETER, } *two friars.*
A Justice.
VARRIUS.
ELBOW, *a simple constable.*
FROTH, *a foolish gentleman.*
POMPEY, *servant to Mistress Overdone.*
ABHORSON, *an executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute prisoner.*

ISABELLA, *sister to Claudio.*
MARIANNA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a nun.*
MISTRESS OVERDONE, *a bawd.*

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Vienna.*]

MEASURE, FOR MEASURE

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*An apartment in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords [*and Attendants*]

Duke.

ESCALUS.

Esc. My Lord.

Duk. Of Government, the properties to unfold,
Would seeme in me t'affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put [1] to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists [2] of all advice [1] *so placed*
My strength can give you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes [2] *bounds*
For Common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,

11. *But, etc.:* But that to your sufficiency .. ..
.. .. .. as your worth is able–CAMBRIDGE.
13. *Cities:* city's–ROWE.

From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo:*
[*Exit an Attendant.*]
What figure of us thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we have with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?
Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.
Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleasure.
Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely tonch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and use;[1] but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:

[1] *interest*

In our remove, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.
Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.
Duk. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopefull execution doe I leave you,
Of your Commissions.
Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.
Duk. My haste may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Give me your hand,
Ile privily away: I love the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not rellish well
Their lowd applause, and Aves vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

55. *mettle:* metal–Rowe.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happinesse. *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may soone our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait upon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*A street.*]

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.

2. *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2. *Gent.* Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1. *Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Souldier of us all, that

in the thanks-giving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.

2. *Gent.* I never heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleeve thee: for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was said.

2. *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1. *Gent.* What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion: or in any language.

1. *Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controversie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked villaine, despight of all Grace.

1. *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of sheeres betweene us.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1. *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as liefe be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne confession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I live forget to drinke after thee.

1. *Gen.* I think I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2. *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawde [*Mistress Overdone*].

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. |
I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Roofe,
As come to

17. *rallish:* relish (rellish–3-4F.)–Rowe.

2. *Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2. *Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1. *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. *Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1. *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with childe.

Luc. Beleeve me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was ever precise in promise keeping.

2. *Gent.* Besides you know, it drawes somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1. *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation. |

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am

Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne* [*Pompey*].

Clo. [*Pom.*] Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Suburbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that have worne your eyes almost out in the service, you will bee considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison: and there's Madam *Juliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2. Gent. |

Cla. Fellow, why dos't thou show me thus to th'world? Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evill disposition, But from Lord *Angelo* by speciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority) Make us pay downe, for our offence, by waight The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will, On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis just.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio?* whence comes this restraint. |

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty As surfet is the father of much fast, So every Scope by the immoderate use Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue Like Rats that ravyn downe their proper Bane, A thirsty evill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

111. *Scena Tertia:* out–Rowe. 131. *mortality:* morality–Rowe.

Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.
Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* so look'd after?
Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietas* bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Save that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on *Juliet.*
Luc. With childe, perhaps?
Cla. Unhappely, even so.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feele the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up
I stagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which have (like un-scowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.
Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on

139-40. 1 l.—Pope.

thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done so, but hee's not to be found. I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde service: This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter, And there receive her approbation. Acquaint her with the danger of my state, Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him, I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone and speechlesse dialect, Such as move men: beside, she hath prosperous Art When she will play with reason, and discourse, And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray shee may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under greevous imposition: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[Scene iii. *A monastery.*]

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought, Beleeve not that the dribling[1] dart of Love Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends Of burning youth.

[1] *feeble*

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have ever lov'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, witlesse bravery keepes.
I have deliverd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture[1] and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travaild to *Poland*,
(For so I have strewd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiv'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

[1] *strictness*

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this foureteene yeares, we have let slip,
Even like an ore-growne Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For terror, not to use: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
And libertie, plucks Justice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this tyde-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When evill deedes have their permissive passe,

And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his sway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

[Scene iv. *A nunnery.*]

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And have you *Nuns* no farther priviledges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the Sisterstood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Isa: Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;

7. *Sisterstood:* sisterhood–2-4F.

You may; I may not: you are yet unsworne:
When you have vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioresse*;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cals againe: I pray you answere him. [*Exit.*]
Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that cals? 19

[*Enter Lucio.*]

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed[1] me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*, [1] *serve*
A Novice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her unhappie brother *Claudio*?
Isa. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.
Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.
Isa. Woe me; for what? 30
Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Judge,
He should receive his punishment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.
Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to jest
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity, 40
As with a Saint.
Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

21. *steed:* stead–Rowe.
35. *'Tis:* It is; new l. at I would–Steevens.

Luc. Doe not beleeve it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his lover have embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To teemiug foyson: even so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.
Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Juliet*?
Luc. Is she your cosen?
Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Isa. Oh, let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: upon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Governes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who never feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate,[1] and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to give feare to use, and libertie,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute

[1] *dull*

43. *fewnes:* fewness (fewnesse–2-3F.)–4F.
47. *teemiug:* teeming–2-4F.
60. *giving-out:* givings-out–Rowe.

To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unlesse you have the grace, by your faire praier
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.
Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life?
Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Provost hath a warrant
For's execution.
Isa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.
Luc. Assay the powre you have.
Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes us loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men give like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isa. Ile see what I can doe.
Luc. But speedily.
Isa. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
Isa. Good sir, adieu. *Exeunt*

78-85. 5 five-accent ll. ending him, hath, execution, me, have–CAPELL.
82. *For's:* for his–CAPELL.
88. *makes:* make–2ROWE.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

[*A hall in Angelo's house.*]

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Justice.
[*Provost, Officers, and other Attendants behind.*]

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Esc. I, but yet
Let us be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would save, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeve to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could have attaind th'effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And puld the Law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne-twelve have a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Justice,
That Justice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeves do passe on theeves? 'Tis very pregnant,[1]
The Jewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread upon, and never thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,

[1] *obvious*

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Judgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisedome will.
Ang. Where is the *Provost*?
Pro. Here if it like your honour.
Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*]
Esc. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive us all:
Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne [*Pompey*], *Officers.*

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.
Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?
Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane upon Justice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.
Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?
Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,

and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality[1] are they of? *Elbow* is your name? [1] *rank*

Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir? 69

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serves a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a hot-house;[2] which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that? [2] *brothel*

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heaven, and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heaven is an honest woman.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore? 80

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinally given, might have bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanlinesse there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him. 90

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, prove it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing

(saving your honors reverence) for stewd prewyns; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours have seene such dishes) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and having but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leave: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father died at *Hallowmas:* Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth*?

Fro. Allhallond-Eve.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir,' twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Esc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Master *Froth* looke upon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposd upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe. 171

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Justice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or ile have mine action of battry on thee. 181

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend? 193

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

164. *and:* an—THEOBALD.

Froth. Yes, and 't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don.*

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Over-dŏn* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters: they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: [*Exit Froth.*] Come you hether to me: M^r^. Tapster: what's your name | M^r^. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Esc. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna.*

196. *and 't:* an't–HANMER.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to feare the bawds.

Esc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay:[1] if you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

[1] *attic*

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your prophesie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long have you bin in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeere, and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeares together.

234. *is:* are–2-4F. 257. *by the:* by your–Pope.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: [*Exit Elbow.*] what's a clocke, | thinke you? 271

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

[*Another room in the same.*]

Enter Provost, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight, I'le tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; [*Exit Servant.*] Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,

All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provost*?
Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe?
Pro. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seene
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doome.
Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or give up your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.
Pro. I crave your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.
Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you.
Ang. Hath he a Sister?
Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,
If not alreadie.
Ang. Well: let her be admitted, [*Exit Servant.*]
See you the Fornicatresse be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not lavish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: [*To Is.*] y'are welcome: what's your will? |

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour, 40
'Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite.

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault, 50
And not my brother.

Pro. [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:

Isab. Oh just, but severe Law:
I had a brother then; heaven keepe your honour.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Give't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him, | 60
Kneele downe before him, hang upon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

38. '*Save:* God save–CAMBRIDGE.

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.
Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not doe't.
Isab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.
Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?
Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] You are too cold.
Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeve this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one halfe so good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt like him, but he like you
Would not have beene so sterne.
Ang. Pray you be gone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell:* should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a prisoner.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] I, touch him: there's the vaine.
Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,

79. *longs:* 'longs—THEOBALD.
83. *As mercie does:* separate l., new l. at If—CAPELL.

If he, which is the top of Judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serve heaven
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selves? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that evill
If the first, that did th' Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future evils
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiv'd,
And so in progresse to be hatc'hd, and borne,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Justice;
For then I pittie those I doe not know,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong

106-7. 1 l.–Pope. 121. *now:* new–Dyce.
124. *here:* ere–Hanmer.

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himselfe do's, *Jove* would never be quiet,
For every pelting[1] petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulpherous bolt
Splits the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive't.
Pro. [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him.
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may jest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Art avis'd o'that? more on't.

[1] *paltry*

138. *never:* ne'er (nere–2-3F.)–4F.
143. *Splits:* Split'st–2-4F. 149. *makes:* make–STEEVENS.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. [*Aside*] Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Is. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] You had mar'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserved soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. [*Aside to Is.*] Goe to: 'tis well; away.
Isab. Heaven keepe your honour safe.
Ang. [*Aside*] Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.
Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

170-1. new l. at Such–STEEVENS. 178. *Sickles:* shekels–POPE.

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Isab. 'Save your Honour.
[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]
Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo?*
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Judges steale themselves: what, doe I love her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sinne, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Ever till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

197. *ha?:* separate l.—CAMBRIDGE.

Scena Tertia.

[*A room in a prison.*]

Enter [*severally*] *Duke* [*disguised as a friar*] *and Provost.*

Duke. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Provost: whats your will, good Frier?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When must he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
Jul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.
Jul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kinde then his.
Jul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)
Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.
Jul. I doe repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.
Duke. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
Jul. Must die to morrow? oh injurious Love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*A room in Angelo's house.*]

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To severall subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,

40. *feare.:* fear,–CAPELL.

And in my heart the strong and swelling evill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Gravitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devills horne
'Tis not the Devills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabell,* a Sister, desires accesse to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens
Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnesse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which hee should revive: and even so
The generall[1] subject to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their un-taught love
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

[1] *common people*

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, wold much better please me, |
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot live.

27. *swounds:* swoons–2Rowe.

Isab. Even so: heaven keepe your Honor.
Ang. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.
Isab. Under your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heavens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesse
As she that he hath staind?
Isab. Sir, beleeve this.
I had rather give my body, then my soule.
Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
To save this Brothers life?

52. *mettle:* metal—THEOBALD.

Isab. Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all, but charitie.
Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heaven let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.
Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.
Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield [1] beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,
To be received plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your Brother is to dye.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.[2]
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose creadit with the Judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to save him, but that either

[1] *covered*
[2] *penalty*

83. *crafty:* craftily–Rowe. 84. *Let be:* Let me be–2-4F.

You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bin sicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isa. Ignomie in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearely love.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe,[1] and succeed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,

[1] *own*

127-8. 1 l.–2Rowe. 133. *fedarie:* feodary–2-4F.

Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heaven; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liverie.
Isa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.
Ang. Plainlie conceive I love you.
Isa. My brother did love *Juliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.
Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.
Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeve me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.
Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleev'd,
And most pernitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeve thee *Isabell*?
My unsoild name, th'austeerenesse of my life,

155. *for't:* for it—Pope.

My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne reporr,
And smell of calumnie. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding up thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy unkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile prove a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeve me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfe same tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,[1]
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them up,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo*'s request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest. *Exit.*

[1] *approval*

172. *reporr:* report–2-4F.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*A room in the prison.*]

Enter Duke [*disguised as before*], *Claudio, and Provost.*

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Cla. The miserable have no other medicine
But onely hope: I 'have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft provoakst, yet grosselie fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;

5. *But onely hope:* separate l., new l. at I–Capell. *I 'have:* I've –Capell. 22. *exists:* exist'st–Theobald.

Thou bearst thy heavie riches but a journie,
And death unloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, sire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all even.

Cla. I humblie thanke you.
To sue to live, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio.*

Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

33. *Sapego:* serpigo—Rowe.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger;[1]
Therefore your best appointment[2] make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None, but such remedie, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twaine:

Clau. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a divellish mercie in the Judge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. I just, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastiditie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leave you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seven winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sence of death is most in apprehension,

[1] *resident*
[2] *preparation*

79. *Tbrough:* Though (Tho')–Rowe.

And the poore Beetle that we treade upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why give you me this shame?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,
Whose setled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a divell:
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie,[1] *Angelo*?
Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liverie of hell,
The damnest bodie to invest, and cover
In prenzie gardes;[2] dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'st be freed?
Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.
Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.
Clau. Thou shalt not do't.
Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliverance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Isabell.*
Isa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

[1] *prim*
[2] *trappings*

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.
Isa. Which is the least?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh *Isabell.*
Isa. What saies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, perjury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.
Isa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What sinne you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Isa. Oh you beast,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,

148. *perjury:* penury–2-4F.

Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,
Heaven shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a warped slip of wildernesse[1]
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish: Might but my bending downe
Repreeve thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Cla. Nay heare me *Isabell.*

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella.*

[1] *wildness*

[*Re-enter Duke.*]

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leysure, my stay must be stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

[*Walks apart.*]

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you & your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to practise his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, ther-

fore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: [*Exit Claudio.*] *Provost*, a word | with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

[*Isabella comes forward.*]

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it ever faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convaid to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my advisings, to the love I have in doing good; a remedie

218. *advisings, to .. good; a:* advisings: to .. good a–Pope.

presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeve that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever returne to have hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes never fearefull: Have you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* have married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, having in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heavily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate[1]-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo.*

[1] *affianced*

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoveries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

234. *her oath:* her by oath–2-4F.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can shee availe?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saves your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindenesse (that in all reason should have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may have all shadow, and silence in it: and the place answere to convenience: this being granted in course, and now followes all: wee shall advise this wronged maid to steed up your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poore *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding up: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed,

270. *steed:* stead–2Rowe.

give him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The street before the prison.*]

[*Enter on one side, Duke, disguised as before; on the other*] *Enter Elbow, Clowne* [*Pompey*], *Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinke browne & white bastard.[1]

Duk. Oh heavens, what stuffe is heere. [1]*sweet wine*

Clow. Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The evill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy meanes to live. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe

8. *Law; a:* law a–HANMER.

From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe,
From their abhominable and beastly touches
I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and live:
Canst thou beleeve thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would prove.

Duke. Nay, if the divell have given thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer:
Correction, and Instruction must both worke
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your wast, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

25. *away:* array–THEOBALD. 28-9. prose–POPE.
48. *clutch'd:* it clutched–2ROWE.

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, shee hath eaten up all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse *Pompey*: farewell: goe say I sent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the prison *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship wil be my baile?

Luc. No indeed wil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trustie *Pompey*.
Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies sir, come.

74-5. *bondage if .. patiently: Why:* bondage: if .. patiently, why–THEOBALD. 76-7. prose–POPE.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:
[*Ex. El., Pom., & Off.*]
What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperor of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale from the State, and usurpe the beggerie hee was never borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and severitie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right way of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paide for the Nursing a

thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew the service, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected[1] for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

[1] *accused*

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward[2] of his: a shie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeve I know the cause of his withdrawing.

[2] *intimate*

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, unweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Envie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed,[3] must uppon a warranted neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake unskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

[3] *steered*

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

149. *deare:* dearer–HANMER.

Duke. I can hardly beleeve that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call uppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not. 160

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to unhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir? [1] *funnel* 168

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish:[1] I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this ungenitur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would never bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.* 181

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie

178. *now:* not–HANMER.

The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and [*Off. with*] *Bawd* [*Mistress Overdone*].

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleven yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License:[1] Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. [*Ex. Off. with Overdone.*] Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will | not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be | furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable prepara- | tion. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not | be so with him. |

[1] *looseness*

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'even, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World? 218

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Noveltie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarse truth enough alive to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much upon this riddle runs the wisedome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is everie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that above all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe. 230

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esc. Rather rejoycing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him rejoice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to his events, with a praier they may prove prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation. 238

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Justice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Esc. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I have la-

216. *Sea:* See–THEOBALD. 229-30. prose–CAPELL.

bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modestie, but my brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Justice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Answere the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you. [*Ex. Escalus & Provost.*]
He who the sword of Heaven will beare,
Should be as holy, as seveare:
Patterne in himselfe to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,
To weede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an olde contracting. *Exit*

251-4. prose–Pope. 277. *falfe:* false–2-4F.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

[*The moated grange at St. Luke's.*]

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke [*disguised as before*].

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. [*Exit Boy.*]
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and beleeve me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good provoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much upon this time have I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeve you: the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance alittle, may be I will call upon you anone for some advantage to your selfe.

24. *Isabell:* Isabella—CAPELL.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*
Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?
Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched[1] gate, [1]*plank*
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy midle of the night, to call upon him.
Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?
Isab. I have t'ane a due, and wary note upon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.
Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her observance?
Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I have possest him, my most stay
Can be but briefe: for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along
That staies upon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.
Duk. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.
Isab. I doe desire the like.

38-9. 3 ll. ending promise, night, him—CAMBRIDGE.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?
Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and have found it.
Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.
Mar. Wilt please you walke aside. *Exit.*
Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes[1] of wit [1]*sallies*
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize upon her father,
If you advise it.
Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.
Isa. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.
Mar. Feare me not.
Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish[2] the deceit. Come, let us goe, [2]*justify*
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

69. *Quest:* quests–2-4F. 71. *dreame:* dreams–2Rowe.

Scena Secunda.

[*A room in the prison.*]

Enter Provost and Clowne [*Pompey*].

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But is he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine:* heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your Gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping; for you have beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have beene an unlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson:* where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, use him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

4-6. prose—Pope. 5. *is:* if—2-4F.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favor: for surely sir, a good favor[1] you have, but that you have a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie? [1]*face*

Abh. I Sir, a Misterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Misterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Misterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So everie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgivenesse.

Pro. You sirrah, provide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are.[2] For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne. [2]*ready Exit*

43. *Clo.*: out–CAPELL. 58. *y'are:* yare–THEOBALD.

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine?*

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely[1] in the Travellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. [*Knocking within.*] But harke, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort: by, and by,
[*Exit Claudio.*]
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke [*disguised as before*].

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Invellop you, good Provost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell?*

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre

[1] *stiffly*

To qualifie in others: were he meal'd [1] with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*] Now are they come. | [*Exit Prov.*]
This is a gentle Provost, sildome when [1] *spotted*
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
[*Knocking within.*]
How now? what noise? That spirit's possest with hast,
That wounds th'unsisting [2] Posterne with these strokes.

[*Re-enter Provost.*]

Pro. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up. [2] *unyielding*

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he must die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Provost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You something know: yet I beleeve there comes
No countermand: no such example have we:
Besides, upon the verie siege[3] of Justice, [3] *seat*
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Mess. [*Giving a paper*] My Lord hath sent you this note, |
And by mee this further charge;

103. *Happely:* Happily–3-4F.
110. *Duke:* out–KNIGHT. *Lords:* lordship's–2ROWE.
111. *Pro.:* given to Duke–KNIGHT. 112-16. prose–POPE.

That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.
[*Exit Mess.*]

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duke. [*Aside*] This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sin, |
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this unwonted putting on,[1] methinks strangely:
For he hath not us'd it before.

[1] *insistence*

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be ex- | ecuted by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernar- | dine: For my better satisfaction, let mee have Claudios | head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a | thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliver. | Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at | your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

125-9. prose—Pope.

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst up & bred, One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeves for him: And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant? 150

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison? How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants advice. 158

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We have verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Provost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but foure daies respit: for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie. 173

155. *wreaklesse:* reckless—THEOBALD.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the houre limited, and an expresse command, under penaltie, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide, 181
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seene them both,
And will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life. 192

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that? 199

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

180-5. prose–Pope 188. *bar'de:* bared–Malone.

Pro. I know them both. 207

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon over-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receives letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'unfolding Starre calles up the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

[*Another room in the same.*]

Enter Clowne [*Pompey*].

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris *Over-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong Mr *Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seventeene pounds, of which hee made five Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copperspurre*, and Mr *Starve-Lackey* the Ra-

pier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave Mr *Shootie* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepie.

Abh. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw rassle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe upon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson*?
What's the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke [*disguised as before*].

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we jest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the journie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you have anie thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravell heart. After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

[*Exit Abhorson and Pompey.*]

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

46-7. prose—Pope.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feavor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s yeares: his beard, and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?
Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.
Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne alive?
Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.
Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*
Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Provost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,

97. *yond:* the under–HANMER.

By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.
Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.
Pro. Ile make all speede. *Exit*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.
Duke. The tongue of *Isabell.* She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.
Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.
Isa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?
Duke. He hath releasd him, *Isabell,* from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo.*
Isa. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisedome daughter in your close patience.
Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.
Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.
Isa. Unhappie *Claudio,* wretched *Isabell,*
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo.*

108. *weale-*: well- —Rowe. 132-3. 2 ll., new l. at In—Cambridge.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbeare it therefore, give your cause to heaven,
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By every sillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
There to give up their powre: If you can pace your wisdome, |
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal have your bosome[1] on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

[1] *will*

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect[2] him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined[3] by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I pervert your course: whose heere?

[2] *instruct*

[3] *bound*

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good 'even;
Frier, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to

164. *whose:* who's–2-4F. 166-7. prose–Dyce.

see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marveilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee, 182
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well. 192

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el have very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

[*A room in Angelo's house.*]

Enter Angelo & Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

An. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions

182-3. prose—Pope.

show much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliver ou rauthorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He showes his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from devices heereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th'morne, Ile call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir: fareyouwell. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deede unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant[1]
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent[2] bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sence
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had lived.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

[1] *inexpert*

[2] *trusted*

6-7. *reliver:* redeliver—CAPELL.

Scena Quinta.

[*Fields without the town.*]

Enter Duke [*in his own habit*] *and Frier Peter.*

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me,
[*Giving letters.*]
The Provost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you ever to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flavia*'s house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [*Exit.*]

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet us heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

[*Street near the city gate.*]

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am advis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

8. *Flavia's:* Flavius'–Rowe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.
Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peradventure
He speake against me on the adverse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*
Isab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.
Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice have the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and gravest Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neere upon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*The city gate.*]

[*Mariana veiled, Isabella, and Friar Peter at their stand.*]

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio, [*Provost, Officers, and*] *Citizens at severall doores.*

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.
Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to yonr royall grace.
Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Justice, that our soule

17-18. 1 l.–Pope.
2. *Esculus:* Escalus–2-4F.
21-2. 1 l.–Pope.
6. *yonr:* your–2-4F.

Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with characters of brasse
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give we your hand
And let the Subject see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Favours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by us, on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Justice, O royall *Duke*, vaile[1] your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

[1] *let fall*

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice,
Reveale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me seeke redemption of the divell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleev'd,
Or wring redresse from you:

17. *we:* me–3-4F. 24-5. 1 l.–Pope.
32-3. 1 l.–Pope. 40-1. 1 l.–Pope.

Heare me: oh heare me, heere.
Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Justice.
Isab. By course of Justice.
Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.
Isab. Most strange: but yet most truely wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?
Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this in th'infirmity of sence.
Isa. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts,[1] titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeve it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.
Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeve no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,

[1] *characteristics*

Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.
Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.
Duk. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?
Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd upon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Isab. That's he indeede.
Duk. You were not bid to speake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Duk. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A businesse for your selfe: pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duk. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.
Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.

83-4. 1 l.–Capell. 91. *and't:* an't–Theobald.

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,
Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
Duk. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab: Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.
Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
Isab. In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by:
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld[1] me, and how I replide [1] *refused*
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.
Duk. By heaven (fond wretch) thou knowst not what thou speak'st, |
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull practise: first his Integritie
Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended
He would have waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on:
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.
Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers above
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill, which is heere wrapt up
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeleeved goe.
Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere us? This needs must be a practise;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick.*
Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.
Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did beleeve no lesse.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that she speakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy,

151-2. 1 l.–HANMER. 157. *this 'a:* this is–ROWE.

Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeve it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:
Of a strange Feavor: upon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whensoever he's convented:[1] First for this woman,
To justifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproved to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.
Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
[*Isabella carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.*]
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Give us some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Judge
Of your owne Cause: Is this the Witnes Frier?

[1] *summoned*

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.
Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Untill my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?

197. *your:* her–2-4F.

Mar. No my Lord.
Duke. Are you a Maid?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. A Widow then?
Mar. Neither, my Lord.
Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?
Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.
Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.
Luc. Well my Lord.
Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that ever he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.
Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.
Luc. Well, my Lord.
Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.
Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'le depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Love.
Ang. Charges she moe then me?
Mar. Not that I know.
Duk. No? you say your husband.
Mar. Why just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabels*.

211. new l. at To—Capell.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.
Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmaske.
[*Unveiling.*]
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Isabell*,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin'd person.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Luc. Carnallie she saies.
Duk Sirha, no more.
Luc. Enoug my Lord.
Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And five yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In levitie: Since which time of five yeres
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Upon my faith, and honor.
Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath, |
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make up vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, give me the scope of Justice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceive
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord
To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,
Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse,[1] whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

[1] *deceit*

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
Your Provost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly: [*Exit Provost.*]
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your injuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you till you have
Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

291-3. 3 ll. ending you, determined, slanderers—CAMBRIDGE.

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, give mee leave to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her privately She would sooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke [*in his friar's habit*], *Provost, Isabella.*

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the *Provost*.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they have confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

316-19. prose—Pope.

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the divell
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.
Esc. The *Duke's* in us: and we will heare you speake,
Looke you speake justly.
Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,
Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke's* unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.
Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.
Esc. Why thou unreverend, and unhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze[1] you
Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose:
What? unjust?
Duk. Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subject am I not,
Nor here Provinciall: My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I have seene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

[1] *tear*

349-50. new l. at Dare—CAPELL.

Esc. Slander to th'State:
Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the *Duke*.

Duk. Most notedly Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I love the *Duke*, as I love my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: away with those Giglets[1] too, and with the other confederate companion.

[1] *pert girls*

Duk. [*To Provost*] Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh fir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaves visage with a poxe to you: show your

359-60. prose–Pope. 388. *fir:* sir–2-4F.

sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood and discovers the Duke.*]

Duk. Thou art the first knave, that ere mad'st a *Duke*. First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse then hanging.

Duk. [*To Esc.*] What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, |
We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave:
[*To Ang.*]
Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st
Rely upon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,
To thinke I can be undiscerneable,
When I perceive your grace, like powre divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. Then good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Provost*. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,
Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither *Isabell*,

Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertysing,[1] and holy[2] to your businesse, [1] *informing*
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still, [2] *devoted*
Atturnied at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon
That I, your vassaile, have imploid, and pain'd
Your unknowne Soveraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabell*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to us.
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
And you may marvaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to save his life: and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,
That life is better life past fearing death,
Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For *Mariana*'s sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:

Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.
Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?
Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-state, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.
Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.
Mar: Gentle my Liege. [*Kneeling.*]
Duke. You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: [*To Lucio*] Now Sir, to you.
Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you service.
Duke. Against all sence you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paved bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.
Mar. Isabell:
Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.
Isab. Most bounteous Sir. [*Kneeling.*]
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie governed his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.
Mar. Meerely my Lord.
Duk. Your suite's unprofitable: stand up I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusuall howre?
Pro. It was commanded so.
Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?
Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.
Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give up your keyes.
Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order else have dide,
I have reserv'd alive.

499. *For Angelo:* separate l.—JOHNSON. 513. *mc:* me—2-4F.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have stil appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deserving, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio [*muffled*], *Julietta.*

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art said to have a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to provide
For better times to come: Frier advise him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

Duke. [*To Is.*] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovelie sake
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,

He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Provost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him sweare himselfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said even now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death, Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.

Joy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo*:
I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Provost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

594. *that:* **that's–2-4F.**

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. *Other like Gentlemen.*
Provost.
Thomas. } 2. *Friers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

Argument of the Play

'THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS' is a good title for this play, which deals almost wholly with a puzzle of identities, arising from the likeness of twin brothers and twin servants.

The Duke of Ephesus condemns Ægeon, a Syracuse merchant, to death for trading in Ephesus. The prisoner states that his reason for being in a hostile city lies in a search he is making for the scattered members of his household. He had twin sons who in infancy, with their twin body-servants, had become separated by shipwreck. Their mother, Æmilia, had also been lost from them; and Ægeon, with one son, Antipholus, and a servant, Dromio, had dwelt together in Syracuse until Antipholus reached manhood, when the latter had set forth to seek his mother and brother. For seven years Ægeon had heard no tidings of any of them, and he narrates this story of a fruitless quest to the duke, who relents to the extent of granting him a day's grace to seek ransom.

It chances that Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse are now visiting in Ephesus, and, further, that his brother and servant, Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus, reside here. None of the parties knows of the whereabouts of the others, and the twin brothers and

twin servants look so much alike that a comedy of errors arises which lasts throughout the play.

In Acts II and III the Ephesian Dromio and his master's wife, Adriana, both mistake Antipholus of Syracuse for the lord of the house, greatly to the surprise of the Syracusan and the anger of the Ephesian gentleman.

The confusion continues through Act IV. The two Dromios get more than one beating. Tradesmen also harass the Syracuse Antipholus, until he and his Dromio believe themselves bewitched and try to flee the city.

They take refuge (Act V) in a priory, where an abbess protects them. At this point Ægeon is led by to execution. The duke is stopped by Adriana, who asks the custody of her husband, whom she believes to be in the priory. Conflicting witnesses testify, until the final appearance of both the Antipholuses and both the Dromios explains the riddle to the general satisfaction. Ægeon is released, and adds to the joy of finding both his sons the delight of discovering that the abbess is his wife Æmilia.

Sources

The plot of 'The Comedie of Errors' was obtained, directly or indirectly, from the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus, the only question being as to its directness. The two plots are very similar, both being farces of mistaken identity (see Date of Composition). The Latin version of the 'Menæchmi' was known in England before Shakespeare wrote his play, and a translation of it was published in 1595. The translation was by William Warner, and while its plot is

simpler than that of the 'Comedie,' they have undeniable points in common which indicate that Shakespeare was familiar with either the Latin or the English version. The early printing of the 'Comedie' designated the two Antipholuses as 'Erotes' and 'Sereptus,' names similar to some employed by Plautus, while Adriana in the 'Comedie' uses the same word of contempt, 'stale' (Act II, scene i), which her counterpart uses in Warner's translation from Plautus. This translation was no doubt circulated in manuscript for some time before it was published. Shakespeare may have had access to it; Warner may have borrowed from Shakespeare; or both may have based their material directly upon the original Latin.

In any case, Shakespeare makes use only of the chief situation, building thereon a complex play truly his own. He it is who creates the two Dromios, the principal mirth-provokers of the whole piece. The sentiment and pathos are likewise his, together with the story of old Ægeon and the latter's reunion with his long-lost wife.

The situation in the opening scene of Act III, where the rightful husband is excluded from his own door, while the wrongful one is within, resembles another comedy of Plautus, the 'Amphitruo.'

As to the title, 'Comedie of Errors,' Warner's argument speaks of 'much pleasant error.' Another older play, now lost, contained the word 'error.' In the 'Court Revels' for 1576-7, the following entry is found: 'The Historie of Error, shewn at Hampton Court on New Yeres daie at night, enacted by the children of Pawles (Pawles = St. Paul's).' The inference that this play had anything in common with Shakespeare's is only conjectural.

Duration of the Action

The action is confined to a single day. In the morning, scene i, the old Ægeon is condemned to die on that same day, but is granted a reprieve until sunset. The final scene represents him as being led to execution. Other points verify this time limit. The unities of both time and place are observed according to classic models.

The period of the play is not a definite calculation. Ephesus is spoken of as containing an abbey. Christianity was established in Ephesus about the middle of the fourth century and lasted until the fourteenth. Any time during the latter quarter of that millennium might serve.

Date of Composition

'The Comedie of Errors' was played before 1598, for it is mentioned by Meres in that year. A still earlier date of 1594 is established by a reference to it in 'Gesta Grayorum,' which shows that 'a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his Menechmus, was played by the players' during the Christmas Revels at Gray's Inn in 1594.

Internal evidence points to an earlier year than 1594. In Act III, scene ii, there seems to be an allusion to the War of the League in France, which ended in 1593. The play has much in common with 'Loves Labour's Lost' and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona.' Its rhymed lines, word-play, and general method place it among the early plays, and about the year 1590 or 1591.

Early Editions

'The Comedie of Errors' found its first printing in the First Folio of 1623, where it occupied sixteen pages, from page 85 to page 100, inclusive. It was divided into acts, but not scenes, although the words 'Scena Prima' appear at the head of four of the acts. The Dramatis Personæ was omitted, but was afterward supplied by Rowe. The text of the Folio is fairly pure, the errors being usually committed by the printer. This is the shortest of all the plays.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Solinus, *duke of Ephesus.*
Ægeon, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
Antipholus *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers, and sons*
Antipholus *of Syracuse,* } *to Ægeon and Æmilia.*
Dromio *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers, and attendants*
Dromio *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses.*
Balthazar, *a merchant.*
Angelo, *a goldsmith.*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor.*
Pinch, *a schoolmaster.*

Æmilia, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*
Adriana, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*
Luciana, *her sister.*
Luce, *servant to Adriana.*
A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Scene : *Ephesus.*]

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*A hall in the Duke's palace.*]

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant [*Ægeon*] *of Siracusa, Jaylor, and other attendants.*

Marchant [*Æge.*].

PROCEED *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
To admit no trafficke to our adverse townes:

Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,[1] [1] *disposal*
Unlesse a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sonne.
Duk. Well *Siracusian*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.
Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes unspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women beare)

20-1. *Nay more:* 1 l., new l. at If ends seen–MALONE.
46. *And he:* And the–THEOBALD. *randone:* random–3-4F.

Had made provision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arrived where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any Tragicke Instance[1] of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convay unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him unto a small spare Mast,

[1] *indication*

58. *meane*: meaner–Delius. 64. *wee came aboord:* 1 l.–Pope.

Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to us:
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne up,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.

105. *up:* upon–Pope (up upon–2-4F.).

At length another ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What have befalne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus:*
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,

119. *backe:* bark–2-4F.
126. *bave .. and they :* hath .. and thee–Pope (*of* out–4F.).

Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Jaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egean* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *The Mart.*]

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a *Syracusian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a rivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West;
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,

5. *a rivall:* arrival–2F.

For with long travaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Mar. I am invited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon, soone[1] at five a clocke, [1] *about*
Please you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander up and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unseene, inquisitive) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (unhappie a) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

43. *unhappie a: a* out–2-4F.

E. Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Mistris made it one upon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no stomacke:
You have no stomacke, having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the mony that I gave you.

E. Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.
For she will scoure your fault upon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart

69. *scoure:* score–Rowe. 70. *cooke:* clock–Pope.

Home to your house, the *Phœnix* sir, to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce[1] of yours [1] *head*
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slave hast thou?
E. Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.
E. Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your hands: |
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some devise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought[2] of all my monie. [2] *cheated*
They say this towne is full of cosenage:[3] [3] *cheating*
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:

97. *God:* God's–HANMER.
101. *ore-wrought:* o'er-raught–HANMER.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slave,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.* 110

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let us dine, and never fret;
A man is Master of his libertie: 10
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.
Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.
Adr. Looke when I serve him so, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie. 20
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,

14. *adore:* o' door–Capell. 15. *thus:* ill–2-4F.
23. *Man .. Master:* Men .. masters–Hanmer.
24. *Lord:* Lords–Hanmer.

Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminence then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This servitude makes you to keepe unwed.
Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learne love, Ile practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that have no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selves complaine:
So thou that hast no unkinde mate to greeve thee,
With urging helpelesse patience would releeve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd[1] patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

[1] *foolishly demanded*

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witnesse.
Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou his minde?
E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare, Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

42. *would:* wouldst–Rowe. 49. *too hands:* two hands–2-4F.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele his meaning.

E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home? It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?

E. Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang up thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. Quoth who?

E. Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon my shoulders: for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home? For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe slave, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating: Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.

70. *come:* come home–Hanmer.
67. *hundred:* thousand–2F.
76-9. *I know, etc.:* 4 five-accent ll.–Pope.
77. *arrant:* errand–4F.

Adri. Hence prating pesant, fetch thy Master home.
Dro. Am I so round[1] with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.
[1] *plain-spoken* [*Exit.*]
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too unruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.[2]
[2] *stalking-horse*
Luci. Selfe-harming Jealousie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a love he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Jewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie. yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,

112. *a love:* alone–2-4F.

Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How manie fond fooles serve mad Jelousie?
Exit.

[Scene ii. *A public place.*]

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slave
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you love stroakes, so jest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phœnix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
S. Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an howre since.
S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.
S. Dro: I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

117. *Where:* Wear–THEOBALD. 14. *did didst:* didst–2F.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeere & flowt me in the teeth? Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, & that.

Beats Dro. |

S. Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest, Upon what bargaine do you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe use you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head, and you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro, Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever anie man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

38. *and:* an–Rowe. 48. new l. at For–Capell.
49-51. 2 rhymed ll. ending reason–Pope, 2Rowe.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S. Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time sir: what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S. Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to jest in good time, there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have denied that before you were so chollericke.

Anti. By what rule sir?

S. Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recoverie?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?[1]

[1] *outgrowth*

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

81. *them:* men—2Popz.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he looseth it in a kinde of jollitie.

An. For what reason.

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

An. Nay not sound I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.[1]

S. Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recover haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts us yonder.

[1] *apt to be falsified*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musicke to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,

99. *trying:* tiring–Pope. 103. *in no time:* no time–2-4F.

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
For know my love: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take unmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:

122. *then:* thus–Rowe. 138. *skin of:* skin off–Hanmer. 148. *distain'd:* unstained–Hanmer.

In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange unto your towne, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to understand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unlesse it be by inspiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

153. *Wants:* Want–Johnson. 157. *Drom.* new l.–4F.
176. *stranger:* stronger–4F.

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moves[1] mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse?
Untill I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

[1] *appeals to*

Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the servants spred for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will insue:
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,

188. *free'd:* offer'd–Capell.
196. *thou Dromio:* thou drone–Theobald.
208. *laughes:* laugh–Pope.

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advisde:
Knowne unto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
Ile say as they say, and persever so:
And in this mist at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.
[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[*Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E. Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment, & the blows you gave were ink, |
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E. Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.
E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,

I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.
E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer |
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
E. An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.
Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.
Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.
S. Dro. [*Within*] Mome,[1] Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi- | ot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such store, |
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street.
S. Dro. [*Within*] Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee | catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.
S. Dro. [*Within*] Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell | me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

[1] *buffoon*

48. *and:* an–Pope,2Rowe.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Nor to day here you must not come againe | when you may.

Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*

E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,

The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:

If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those | at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce.*

Luce. [*Within*] Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your | Master.

E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Proverbe,

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. [*Within*] If thy name be called *Luce, Luce* thou hast an- | swer'd him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let us in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said no.

E. Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow for blow.

68-72. *and so ... staffe:* 2 rhymed ll.—Pope, 2Rowe.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.
Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?
E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.
Luce. [*Within*] Let him knocke till it ake.
Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.
Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the | towne? 90

Enter Adriana.

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the doore that keeps all this noise? |
S. Dro. [*Within*] By my troth your towne is troubled with un- | ruly boies.
Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.
Adri. [*Within*] Your wife sir knave? go get you from the dore. |
E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave wold goe sore. 99
Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.
Baltz. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.
E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.
Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold. 111

110. *cake here:* cake there–Globe.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S. Dro. [*Within*] Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your | knaves pate.

E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. [*Within*] It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee | hinde.

E. Dro. Here's too much out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. [*Within*] I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have | no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;
For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without afether,
If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect[1]
Th'unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknowne;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint:

[1] *suspicion*

117. *your:* you–2-4F. 135. *your:* her–Rowe.

If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hows'd, where it gets possession.
Anti. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, [*To Ang.*] get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
Anti. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.
Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Juliana [*Luciana*], *with Antipholus of Siracusia.*

Julia. [*Luc.*] And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?

Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an evill word:
Alas poore women, make us not beleeve
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,
Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve:
We in your motion turne, and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S. Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

5. *buildings:* building–Theobald. *ruinate:* ruinous–Capell.
17. *attaine:* attaint–Rowe. 21. *is:* are–2-4F.
22. *not:* but–Theobald. 27. *wise:* wife–2-4F.

Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile veeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:[1] [1]*incline*
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares:
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the silver waves thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your sight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;

48. *sister:* sister's–2-4F.
51. *bud:* bed–2-4F. *thee:* them–CAPELL. 59. *when:* where –POPE, 2ROWE. 62-5. 2 rhymed ll. ending No–POPE.

My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so fast?
S. Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides my selfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy selfe?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Anti. What claime laies she to thee?
Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she would have me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me.
Anti. What is she?
Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reverence, I have but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If she lives till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe over-shooes in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant, Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

115. *is:* and—THEOBALD.

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose. 141

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull[1] dog, & made me turne i'th wheele. [1] *docked-tail* 151

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes us, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit* 160

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:

132. *chalkle:* chalky–2-4F. 141. *Carrects:* caracks–HANMER.
148-51. *And I ... wheele:* 2 rhymed ll.–KNIGHT.
153. *And:* An–CAPELL.

She that doth call me husband, even my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. M^r^ *Antipholus.*

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I have made it for you.

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receive my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receive the money now,
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man heere needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

[Scene i. *A public place.*]

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith [*Angelo*], *and an Officer.*

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. [*Ang.*] Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at five a clocke
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you save: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,

20. *their:* her—Rowe.

But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Saving your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.
Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.
Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough.
Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him heere too long.
Anti. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

32. *charect:* carat–Pope. 50. *And:* An–Rowe.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.
Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre since.
Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to say so.
Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.
Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.
Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convei'd aboord, and I have bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peevish sheep
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

S. Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt*

S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

[Scene ii. *The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.*]

Enter Adriana and *Luciana.*

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austeerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
Adr. Did'st speake him faire?
Luc. Have patience I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,
Stigmaticall[1] in making worse in minde.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:

[1] *deformed*

7. *Ob:* Of-2-4F.

Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A divell in an everlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd up with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judgment carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arested well; but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell, will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arested on a band?

41. *On:* One–2-4F. 42. *Fairie:* fury–2Pope.
46. *drifoot:* dry-foot–Rowe. 52-3. 2 rhymed ll.–Capell.
53. *is in:* he's in–3-4F. *rested:* 'rested–Theobald.
58. *Thus:* That–2-4F.

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What, the chaine?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I never here.
S. Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serjeant, a turnes backe for verie feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou reason?
S. Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a theefe too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana [*with a purse*].

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *A public place.*]

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And everie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thankes for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.

65. *here:* hear–2-4F. 74. *If I be:* If Time be–Rowe.

Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou meane?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an evill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and gives them suites of durance: he that sets up his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. I sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then

26. *rests:* 'rests—WARBURTON. 36. *ships:* ship—2-4F.

were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see sir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the divell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the divels dam: And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marrie he must nave a long spoone that must eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

61. *if do:* if you do–2-4F.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile, a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone: but she more covetous, wold have a chaine: Master be wise, and if you give it her, the divell will shake her Chaine, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he never so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

73-6. new ll., ending pin, stone, chaine, her, it—CAPELL.

[Scene iv. *A street.*]

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have served him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,

And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.
Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.
Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Revell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st upon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.
Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd untill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.
Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?
Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I shut out?
Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.
Anti. And did not she her selfe revile me there?
Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe revil'd you there.
Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?
Dro. Certis she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these crontraries?
Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.
Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.
Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

85. *beares:* bear–2-4F. 87. *crontraries:* contraries–2-4F.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.
Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.
Adri. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did.
Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle M I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both
Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Jailor thou? I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

122-4. new ll. at to and he—Pope.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?
Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house, oh most unhappy day.
Ant. Oh most unhappie strumpet.
Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Master, cry the divell.
Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan
Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come Jailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.
Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.
Runne all out.
Off. Away, they'l kill us.
Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.
Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do us no harme: you saw they speake us faire, give us gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

[*A street before a Priory.*]

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it?
Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liv'st
To walke where any honest men resort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let us come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recoverie.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heavie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subject too?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why so I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.

37. *God:* God's–3-4F.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At boord he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab, And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a jealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,

94. *Hath:* Have–2-4F.

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your servants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no atturney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I have us'd the approoved meanes I have,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*]
Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And never rise untill my teares and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at five:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

129. *depth:* death–3-4F.

Gold. Upon what cause?
Mar. To see a reverent *Siracusian* Merchant,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,

132. *reverent:* reverend–3-4F. 148. *Who:* Whom–2-4F.

And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met us againe, and madly bent on us
Chac'd us away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M^r^ preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (unlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tel you true,

I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice, |
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Mar. Fat. Unlesse the feare of death doth make me dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio.*

E. Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against that Woman there: |
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of injurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me just.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores upon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greevous fault: say woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman justly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash provoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,

251. new l. at My-Globe.

A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey wals,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven:
And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would have bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.
E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. [*Æge.*] Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word: |
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speake freely *Siracusian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.
Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selves we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.

Fat. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleeve him.

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little use to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusian*, twentie yeares
Have I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

327. *e tremity:* extremity–2-4F.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake unto the same *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.

371-6. after ll. 377-88—CAPELL.

What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse.*
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon,* your most renowned Unckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio,* but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.

E Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with us into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Have suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe us companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in travaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heavie burthen are delivered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S. Dro. Mast. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?

E. An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarkt

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio.* Come go with us, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife,

E. D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:

431. *are:* ne'er--Dyce. 435. *Nativitie:* festivity--Dyce.

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping?
S. Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E. Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S. Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou first.
E. Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

453. *Signior:* senior—Pope.

FINIS.

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

First printed in Quarto, 1600

The First Folio, 1623, follows the Quarto with minor changes

INTRODUCTION

Argument of the Play

'MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING' is the ironical title of a dual romance, where, in the case of one pair of lovers, they are parted by their own obstinacy, and in the other by carefully contrived villainy.

Benedick and Claudio, two young soldier-noblemen, accompany their general, Don Pedro of Arragon, on a visit to Leonato, governor of Messina. Benedick renews acquaintance with Beatrice, niece of Leonato, and though there is an unconfessed liking between them, they have many verbal battles. Claudio loves Hero, daughter of the governor, and enlists Don Pedro to sue for him.

Don Pedro wins Hero for Claudio in Act II, at a masquerade. Benedick is worsted in his skirmishes with Beatrice, but is led to believe by interested friends that she loves him.

In Act III Beatrice is likewise made to think that Benedick loves her. The happiness of Hero and Claudio is nearly wrecked, meanwhile, by the villainy of a natural brother of Don Pedro, who entraps Claudio into the belief that Hero is false to him.

Claudio disowns Hero (Act IV) at the time of the wedding ceremony. She swoons, and is reported dead. Beatrice will not believe her cousin faithless, but demands that Benedick — now her accepted lover

—challenge his friend Claudio, which he does in Act V. Some watchmen who have stumbled upon the true facts tell them to the stricken Leonato. The duel is averted, and Leonato promises to pardon Claudio if the latter will marry a bride of the governor's choosing. Claudio agrees and is delighted to find that the bride is Hero, returned as it were from the dead. Benedick and Beatrice finally discover the trick which has brought them together, but seal a peace-compact in true lover fashion.

Sources

Shakespeare was evidently indebted to an Italian author, Bandello, for some of the characters, the scene, and a leading incident of this play. In Bandello's Twenty-second Novella is found a Don Pedro of Arragon and a Lionato; the scene is Messina; and the lady is maligned by entrance into her window by a servant, she swoons, is thought dead, and is afterward restored to her repentant lover. Bandello died three years before Shakespeare was born, and his story was known in England not only in the original, but also in Belleforest's translation in 'Histoires Tragiques.'

The scene of the interrupted marriage also occurs in the story of Ariodante and Ginevra, in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' likewise in Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' Book II, Canto 4. But in neither of these sources is there an agreement of names, places, and circumstances, as narrated in Bandello's story.

Nevertheless, Shakespeare's indebtedness to the Italian is limited to the bare facts set forth above. The characters of Beatrice, Benedick, Don John, the servants, and the watchmen are all Shakespeare's own, as well as the clothing and setting forth of the entire play.

A degree of similarity has been noted between the English play and a German version, 'The Beautiful Phœnicia,' by a contemporary playwright, Jacob Ayrer. Ayrer follows Bandello more closely in names, and probably founded his version on the Italian without reference to Shakespeare.

Duration of the Action

In Act I, scene i, Don Pedro says that he will visit Messina 'at the least a month'; and in Act II, scene i, Leonato states that it is 'a just seven-night' until the wedding. But neither of these statements furnishes any definite time reckoning for the play, and ignoring them we could bring the action within four consecutive days: Day 1, Act I, and Act II, scenes i and ii. Day 2, Act II, scene iii, and Act III, scenes i, ii, and iii. Day 3, Act III, scenes iv and v, Act IV, Act V, scenes i, ii, and part of iii. Day 4, the remainder of the play.

The period is not determinable, on account of the composite nature of the story — an Italian plot transformed into a comedy of contemporary English manners. Treated solely as an English play, Shakespeare's own time seems to be indicated.

Date of Composition

Meres's list in 'Palladis Tamia,' of 1598, does not mention 'Much Adoe,' so it may safely be assumed that the play was not known in that year. It was first printed in Quarto form in 1600; therefore that year or 1599 may be set down with considerable exactness as the date of its production.

Internal evidence is wanting, although general style and structure place it toward the last of the comedies. A mature touch and a skilful blending of tragedy with

comedy mark a transition in the poet's method. The play has traits in common with 'Twelfe Night' and 'As You Like It,' while metrical tests place it at the last of this group and at the turning-point of the century.

Early Editions

The first printing of 'Much Adoe' was a Quarto of thirty-six leaves, which bore the following title:

'Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.'

It was entered in the 'Stationers' Register,' August 23, 1600.

The next known printing is that of the First Folio, 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages, from page 101 to page 121, in the comedies. It gives the acts, but not the scenes or the Dramatis Personæ, which were supplied by Rowe. The Folio text follows the Quarto with some minor variations. Both are comparatively good, the errors being chiefly typographical. So nearly identical are the versions that succeeding editors have been divided in their allegiance. The Folio, however, being the first authoritative collected edition, seems the more reliable.

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Don Pedro, *prince of Arragon.*
Don John, *his bastard brother.*
Claudio, *a young lord of Florence.*
Benedick, *a young lord of Padua.*
Leonato, *governor of Messina.*
Antonio, *his brother.*
Balthasar, *attendant on Don Pedro.*
Conrade, } *followers of Don John.*
Borachio, }
Friar Francis.
Dogberry, *a constable.*
Verges, *a headborough.*
A Sexton.
A Boy.

Hero, *daughter to Leonato.*
Beatrice, *niece to Leonato.*
Margaret, } *gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
Ursula, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

Scene: *Messina.*]

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

Actus primus, Scena prima.

[*Before Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

I LEARNE in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchiever brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Peter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the

2. *Innogen his wife:* out–THEOBALD.

promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Unckle heere in *Messina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie delivered him letters, and there appeares much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitternesse.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde overflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: [1] and my Unckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt.[2] I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

[1] *short arrow with flat end* [2] *light arrow*

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to

42. *Burbolt:* bird-bolt–2Pope.

ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat, It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his sive wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if hee have wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworne brother.

Mess. I'st possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer[1] now, that will make a voyage with him to the divell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

[1] *quarreler*

49. *ease:* eat–Q.2-4F. 63 *sive:* five–Q.2-4F.
75. *and:* an–THEOBALD.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee have caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and John the bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not

84. *Benedict:* Benedick (dicke)–2-4F. 85. *be:* a' (a)–Q. 88. *You'l ne're:* You will never–Q. 103. *doubt:* doubt, sir–Q. 107. *man, truely:* man. Truly–CAPELL.

have his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must convert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I love none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else have beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loves me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Jades tricke, I know you of old.

133. *and:* an–Rowe. 137. *your:* yours–Q.2-4F.
139. *a:* i'–Capell.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato,* signior *Claudio,* and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato,* hath invited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detaine us longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, [*To Don John*] let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being re- | conciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all | duetie. 152

John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Please it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato,* we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. Benedicke, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her. 160

Clau. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.

Bene: Why yfaith me thinks shee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were shee other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her. 171

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

143. *This:* That–Q.

Clau. Can the world buie such a jewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting jacke, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the song? 181

Clau. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that ever I lookt on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife. 190

Bene. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I never see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell. 201

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would have you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in

180. *aman:* a man–Q.2-4F. 185. *and:* an–1Rowe.
194. *and:* an–Capell. 197. *John the bastard:* out–Hanmer.

love, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it uttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feele.

Pedr. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be loved, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Clau. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thanke her: that she brought mee up, I likewise give her most humble thankes: but that I will have a rechate[1] winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldricke,[2] all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to

[1] *tune sounded to call off dogs* [2] *girdle*

220. *speake:* spoke–Q.
233. *rechate:* recheat (recheate)–2Rowe.

trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I loose more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me up at the doore of a brothel-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the savage Bull doth beare tne yoake.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie under my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.[1]

[1] *mad as a bull*

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

251-2. 2 ll. ending try, yoke–CAPELL. 252. *tne:* the–Q.2-4F.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of July. Your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded[1] with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

[1] *trimmed*

Exit.

Clau. My Liege, your Highnesse now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne
Any hard Lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire.
Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a souldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou dost love faire *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will breake with her: [and with her father

279-80. 1 l. verse—Rowe.

And thou shalt have her:] wast not to this end,
That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?
Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to love,
That know loves griefe by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would have salv'd it with a longer treatise.
Ped. What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall have revelling to night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosome Ile unclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let us put it presently. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato and an old man [*Antonio*], *brother to Leonato* [*meeting*]. |

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son: hath he provided this musicke?
Old. [*Ant.*] He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell | you newes that you yet dreamt not of.
Lo. Are they good?
Old. As the events stamps them, but they have a good cover: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count

300. bracketed ll. in Q.
302. *doe you:* you do–Q.
5. *newes:* strange news–Q.
7. *events:* event–2-4F.

Claudio walking in a thick pleached[1] alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discovered to *Claudio* that hee loved my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly breake with you of it.

[1] *thickly interwoven*

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: [*Enter Attendants*] coo- | sins, you know what you have to doe, O I crie you mer- | cie friend, goe you with mee and I will use your skill, | good cosin have a care this busie time. | *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

Enter Sir John the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere[2] my Lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

[2] *a mild imprecation*

Joh. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Joh. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art,

9. *my:* mine–Q. 10. *thus:* thus much–Q.
7-8. *bringeth:* brings–Q. 9. *yet:* at least–Q.

borne under *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must bee sad when I have cause, and smile at no mans jests, eat when I have stomacke, and wait for no mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw[1] no man in his humor.

[1] *flatter*

Con. Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you have of late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne harvest.

[2] *canker-rose*

John. I had rather be a canker[2] in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchisde with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

22. *take root:* take true root–Q. 30. *mussell:* muzzle (muzzel)–4F. 36. *I will make:* I make–Q.

John. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to unquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad[1] conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

[1] *serious*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure, that young start-up hath all the glorie of my overthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe prove whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait upon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

56. *whipt behind:* whipt me behind–Q.

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A hall in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, [*Antonio*] *his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and* | *Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.*

Leonato. Was not Count *John* here at supper?

Brother. [*Ant.*] I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Johns* mouth, and halfe Count *Johns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith shee's too curst.[1]

[1] *shrewish*

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

2. *his wife:* out–THEOBALD. 18. *if he:* if a'(a)–Q.

Leonato. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Batrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell. 40

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, heere's no place for you maids, so deliver I up my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heavens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there live wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. [*To Hero*] Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your | father. 49

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curtsie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other cursie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be overmastred with a peece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no unckle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred. 61

31. *light upon:* light on–Q. 39. *Berrord:* bear-ward–Knight.
45. *S. Peter: for:* Saint Peter for–Pope.
51. *say, as:* say Father as–Q. 52. *cursie:* curtsy–2-3F.
58. *account:* an account–Q. 61. *kinred:* kindred–Rowe.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your answere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important,[1] tell him there is measure in every thing, & so dance out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a measure, and a cinquepace:[2] the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch ijgge (and full as fantasticall) the wedding manerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his grave. 74

Leonata. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye unckle, I can see a Church by daylight. [1]*importunate* [2]*a dance*

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good roome. [*All put on their masks.*]

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, | or dumbe John, [Borachio, Margaret, Ursula] Maskers with a drum. | 81

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour,[3] for God defend[4] the Lute should be like the case. [3]*countenance* [4]*forbid* 90

69, 70. *ijgge:* misprint in 1F.
72. *aunchentry:* ancientry(anchentry)–3-4F.
74. *sinkes:* sink (sincke)–Q. 75. *Leonata:* misprint in 1F.
81. *or dumbe:* don–Capell.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* roofe, within the house is Love.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Love.

[*Drawing her aside.*]

Bene. [*Balth.*] Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have manie ill qualities.

Bene. [*Balth.*] Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers alowd.

Ben. [*Balth.*] I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out or my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Ursula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Ursu. You could never doe him so ill well, unlesse you were the very man: here's his dry hand up & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Ursula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

92. *Love:* Jove–Q.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeve me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes jeaster, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in devising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded[1] me.

[1] *accosted*

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saved, for the foole will eate no supper that night. [*Music.*] We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *Exeunt*

[*all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

Musicke for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

134. *pleaseth:* pleases–Q.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you disswade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him sweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus answere I in name of Benedicke,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the Office and affaires of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their owne tongues.
Let everie eye negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:[1]
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

[1] *passion*

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your own businesse, Count. What fashion will you weare the Gar-

182. *Count:* county–Q.

land off? About your necke, like an Usurers chaine? Or under your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau: I wish him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drovier, so they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold have served you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leave you. *Exit*.

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* should know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe under that title, because I am merrie: yea but so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her person, and so gives me out: well, Ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince [*Pedro*].

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

207. *thinke, told:* **think I told**–Q.
208. *the will:* **the good will**–Q. 210. *him a:* **him up a**–Q.

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worne himselfe, and the rod hee might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misusde me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Jester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveiance upon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and every word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgrest, she would have made *Hercules* have turnd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God

233. *and that I:* that I–Q.
238. *as terminations:* as her terminations–Q.

some scholler would conjure her, for certainely while she is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne upon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any service to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Johns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I love not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke.*

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gave him use[1] for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

[1] *interest*

Pedro. You have put him downe Lady, you have put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should proove the mother of fooles: I have brought Count *Claudio,* whom you sent me to seeke.

253. *arrand:* errand–3-4F. 263. *this:* my–Q.
267. *a single:* his single–Q.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herault of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side[1] of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

[1] *to windward*

Clau. And so she doth coosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

281. *a:* that–Q. 291. *Qu:* cue–2Rowe.
292. *Herault:* herald–4F. 301. *my heart:* her heart–Q.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. [*Pedro*] Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, unlesse I might have another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare everie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and under that was I borne: cosins God give you joy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those rhings I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Uncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleepes, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick.*

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselves madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio,* when meane you to goe to Church?

321. *rhings:* things–Q.2-4F.
329. *dreamt:* dreamed (dream'd)–Rowe. 337. *Counte:* County–Q.

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

Leonata. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a just seven night, and a time too briefe too, to have all things answer minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not goe dully by us, I will in the *interim*, undertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely love-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

341, 352. *Leonata:* misprint in 1F.
343. *answer minde:* answer my mind–Q.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter John and Borachio.

Joh. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

John. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

John. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero.*

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale,[1] such a one as *Hero.*

[1] *harlot*

John. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*, to undoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despight them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves me, intend [1] a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleeve this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie, that jealousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrowne.

[1] *pretend*

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *Leonato's orchard.*]

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy. [*Enter Boy.*]

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already sir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing

31-2. *on Pedro:* **Don Pedro**–Q. 34. *in a love:* **in love**–Q.
44. *truths:* **truth**–Q. 50. *thou:* **you**–Q.

how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument [1] of his owne scorne, by falling in love, & such a man is *Claudio*, I have known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I have knowne when he would have walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, just so many strange dishes: may I be so converted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but love may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich shee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile never cheapen her: faire, or Ile never looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor. 34

[1] *subject* [*Withdraws.*]

Enter Prince [*Don Pedro*], *Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson.*

Prin. [*D. Pedro*] Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the evening is,
As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.

31. *not for:* not I for–Q. 35. *Jacke Wilson:* out–Q.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?
Clau. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

[*Enter Balthasar with Music.*]

Prince. Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.
Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musicke any more then once.
Prin. It is the witnesse still of excellency,
To slander Musicke any more then once.
Prince. It is the witnesse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.
Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loves.
Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.
Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing. [*Air.*]
Bene. Now divine aire, now is his soule ravisht, is it not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

[*Balth.*] *Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,*
Men were deceivers ever,

44, 45. out–Q. 2-4F. 54. *Nay:* Now–Globe.

One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy,
Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howld thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as liefe have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray thee get us some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with signior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did never thinke that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she

76. *were:* was–Q. 83. *And:* An–Capell.

should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner? 100

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loves him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite. 110

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworne it had, my Lord, especially against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knavery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reverence. 121

Claud. He hath tane th'infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to *Benedicke?*

Leonato. No, and sweares she never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I, saies she, that have so oft encountred him with scorne, write to him that I love him? 129

Leo. This saies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be up twenty times a night, and

there will she sit in her smocke, till she have writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it over, she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I love him, I should.

Clau. Then downe upon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O sweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is somtime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Princ. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wisedome and bloud combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofes to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

153. *but make:* make but–Q. 155. *And:* An–Capell.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage [1] on mee, I would have daft [2] all other respects,[3] and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will say. [1] *doting love* [2] *put off* [3] *considerations*

Leon. Were it good thinke you? 168

Clau. Hero thinkes surely she wil die, for she saies she will die, if hee love her not, and shee will die ere shee make her love knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crossenesse.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible [4] spirit. [4] *contemptuous*

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit. 181

Leon. [*Claud.*] And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee avoydes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling. 189

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seemes not in him, by some large jeasts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

167. *be:* a'(a)–Q. 179. *'Fore:* Before–Q. 184. *see:* say–Q. 185. *with a:* with a most–Q. 193. *see:* seek–Q.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first. 197

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I love *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her upon this, I wil never trust my expectation. [1] *seriously*

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerely a dumbe shew: let us send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt* 210

[*Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato*].

Bene. [*Coming forward*] This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly[1] | borne, they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme | to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections have the full | bent: love me? why it must be requited: I heare how I | am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I | perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she | will rather die than give any signe of affection: I did ne- | ver thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are | they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reproove it, and wise, but for loving me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in love with her, I may chance

201. *to have*: out–Q. 206. *gentlewoman:* gentlewomen–Q.
213. *the:* their–Q.

have some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should live till I were maried, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea just so much as you may take upon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you have no stomacke signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not love her I am a Jew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *Leonato's garden.*]

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*,
Proposing[1] with the Prince and *Claudio*, [1] *conversing*
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Ursula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst us,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter: like favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and downe,
Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then ever man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice [*behind*].

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

2. *and two Gentlemen:* out–Rowe.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the silver streame,
And greedily devoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now,
Is couched in the wood-bine coverture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
[*Approaching the bower.*]
No truely *Ursula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds[1] of the rocke. [1] *wild hawks*

Ursula. But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedicke*,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

46. *wrastle:* wrestle–JOHNSON.

Shee is so selfe indeared.
Ursula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moved with none.
So turnes she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.
Ursu. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like covered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Ursu. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.
Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

70. *agot:* agate–Malone. 84. *to die:* than die–Q.

Ursu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prisde to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke.*
Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio.*
Ursu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke,*
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Ursu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?
Hero. Why everie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.
Ursu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madame?
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,[1]
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps. *Exit.*
Beat. [*Coming forward.*] What fire is in mine eares?
can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory lives behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke,* love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dost love, my kindenesse shall incite thee
To binde our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Beleeve it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

[1] *chances*

109. *tane:* limed–Q. 109-10. 1 l.–1Pope.

[Scene ii. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Euter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, every one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unlesse

1. *Euter:* Enter–Q.2-4F. 27. *cannot:* can–Pope.

it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: [or in the shape of two countries at once, as a Germaine from the waste downward, all slops,[1] and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet:] unlesse hee | have a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee | is no foole for fancy, as you would have it to appeare | he is.

[1] *loose breeches*

Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no beleeving old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings, What should that bode?

Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers? 39

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie stuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the losse of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Civit, can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face? 50

Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

32. bracketed ll. in Q. 34. *it to appeare:* it appear–Q.
37. *a:* o'–THEOBALD. 55. *conclude:* conclude, conclude–Q.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face upwards.

B*ene.* Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare. [*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice.*

Clau. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. [*D. John*] My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den[1] brother.

[1] *good evening*

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In private?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Basta. [*To Claudio*] Meanes your Lordship to be married to mor- | row?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Even shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall? 97

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Princ. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly. 110

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will joyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischiefe strangelie thwarting! 120

Bastard. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seene the sequele. *Exit.*

92. *bath:* has–Q. 117. *night:* mid-night–Q.

[Scene iii. *A street.*]

Enter Dogbery and his compartner [*Verges*] *with the watch.*

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pitty but they should suffer salvation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery.*

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ote-take* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answere: well, for your favour sir, why give God thankes, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knave.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills[1] be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

[1] *weapons*

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him shew himselfe what he is, and steale out of your company.

Ver. You have bin alwaies cal'd a merciful man partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

36. *talke:* to talk–Q. 43. *them:* those–Q.

Watch. How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will never answere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call up me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let us go sit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beseech you. *Exeunt* [*Dogberry and Verges*].

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. [*Aside*] Peace, stir not.

75, 81. *birladie:* by'r lady–Capell. 82. *and:* an–2Rowe.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then under this penthouse, for it drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside*] Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art unconfirm'd,[1] thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

[1] *inexperienced*

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside*] I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, | this vii. yeares, a goes up and downe like a gentle man: | I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe

123. *yeares:* yeare–Q.

this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hotblouds, betweene foureteene & five & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie[1] painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shaven *Hercules* in the smircht worm eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

[1] *dirty*

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don John*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero?*

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the divell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceive them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right master Constable, we have

135. *and see:* and I see–Q. 147. *thy:* they–Q.
157. *husband:* husband–Q.2-4F.

here recovered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, [1 *Watch.*] never speake, we charge you, let us o- | bey you to goe with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commoditie, being taken up of these mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come weele obey you. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Hero's apartment.*]

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise..

Ursu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato[1] were better.

Bero. [*Hero*] No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin will say so.

Bero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire[2] within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines* gowne that they praise so.

[1] *ruff*

[2] *head-dress*

167. *Masters:* separate l.–THEOBALD.

Bero. O that exceedes they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearles, downe sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts, round underborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heavier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heavier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alove with your heeles, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.[1]

[1] *children*

19. *a:* o'–Capell. 31, 34, 53. *and:* an–Capell.
42. *Light a love:* 'Light o' love '–2Rowe.
44. *Light alove:* light o' love–2Rowe. 45. *looke:* see–Q.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one rheir harts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus beuedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thissell.

Beat. Benedictus, why *benedictus?* you have some morall[1] in this *benedictus*.

[1] *hidden meaning*

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in love, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke

49. *a clocke:* o'clock–THEOBALD. 56. *rheir:* their–Q.2-4F.
69. *beuedictus:* Benedictus–Q.2-4F.
76. *birlady:* by'r lady–CAPELL.

what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would never marry, and yet now in despight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Ursula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene v. *Another room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, and the Constable [*Dogberry*], *and the Headborough* [*Verges*].

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. [*Verg.*] Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con. Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as

God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras,[1] neighbour Verges.

[1] *words*

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Con. Dog. A good old man sir, hee will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe us, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to bee worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Con. Do. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

22. *finde in:* find it in–Globe.
25. *and:* an–Capell. *times:* pound–Q.
32. *have:* ha' (ha)–Q. 37. *and:* an–Pope.

Con. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare unto you.

Exit. |

Const. It shall be suffigance. 49

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.*]

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: heere's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Jaile. *Exeunt.* 61

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *A church.*]

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier [*Francis*], *Claudio, Benedicke,* | *Hero, and Beatrice.*

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their particular duties afterwards.

45. *aspitious:* auspicious–2Rowe. 48. *as may:* as it may–Q. 56. *examine those:* examination these–Q.

Fran. [*Friar*] You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoyned, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero?*

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! [,not knowing what they do!]

Bene. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soule
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did give her me.

Cla. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Give not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth

22. bracketed l. in Q. 24. *ba, ba:* ah, ha–Q.

Can cunning sinne cover it selfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest evidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.
Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?
Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approved wanton.
Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Have vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.
Clau. I know what you would say: if I have knowne her, |
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sinceritie and comely love.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or those pampred animalls,
That rage in savage sensualitie.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?
Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?
Prin. What should I speake?
I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

53. *No Leonato:* separate l.—Pope.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?
Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.
Hero. True, O God!
Clau. *Leonato*, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?
Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?
Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly[1] power,
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.
Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?
Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.
Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must heare: upon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

[1] *natural*

80. *doe, as:* do so, as—Q.2F. 92. *you are:* are you—Q.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke up all the gates of Love,
And on my eie-lids shall Conjecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And never shall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?
[*Hero swoons.*]
Beat. Why how now cosin, wherfore sink you down?
Bast. Come, let us go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.
[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]
Bene. How doth the Lady?
Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe uncle,
Hero, why *Hero*, Uncle, Signor *Benedicke*, Frier.
Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wisht for.
Beatr. How now cosin *Hero*?
Fri. Have comfort Ladie.
Leon. Dost thou looke up?
Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leon. Wherfore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?

101. *spoken:* spoke–Q.

Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was't thou lovelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke up a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might have said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derives it selfe from unknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine so much,
That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied.

Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No truly: not although untill last night, I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron. Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,

134. *reward:* rearward–Q.2-4F. 141. *smeered:* smirched–Q.
151-3. 3 ll. ending patient, wonder, say–Pope.
156. *truly: not:* truly, not;–Rowe.
160. *the Princes:* the two princes–Q.

Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I have onely bene silent so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by HOting of the Ladie, I have markt.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Under some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me converst,
At houres unmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

163-5. 4 ll. ending been, unto, fortune, mark'd–CAMBRIDGE.
168. *beare:* beat–Q. 174. *tenure:* tenour–THEOBALD.

Fri. There is some strange misprision[1] in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them have the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisedomes be misled in this:
The practise of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not: if they speake but truth of her,
These hands shall teare her: If they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate up my invention,
Nor Fortune made such havocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pause awhile:
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintaine a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine unto a buriall.
Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this travaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,

[1] *mistake*

211. *Princesse:* princes–THEOBALD.

Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so fals out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shal heare she dyed upon his words,
Th'Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination.
And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More moving delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Then when she liv'd indeed: then shal he mourne,
If ever Love had interest in his Liver,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Wil fashion the event in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be levelld false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well, you may conceale her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier advise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse [1] and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*.

[1] *intimacy*

Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,

252. *tongnes:* tongues–Q.2-4F.

As secretly and justlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.
Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me.
Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*
[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Beatrice.*]
Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.
Bene. Surelie I do beleeve your fair cosin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of mee that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?
Beat. A verie even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man doe it?
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.
Bene. I doe love nothing in the world so well as you, is not that strange?
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not, it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you, but beleeve me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.
Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lov'st me.
Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.
Bene. I will sweare by it that you love mee, and I will make him eat it that sayes I love not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sawce that can be devised to it, I protest I love thee.

283. *by it:* out–Q.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stayed me in a happy howre, I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie sweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no love in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. Beatrice.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation uncovered slander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero,* she is wrong'd, shee is slandered, she is undone.

299. *denie:* deny it–Q. 309. *a:* he–Rowe.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties[1]! surelie a Princely testimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect,[2] a sweet Gallant surelie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and sweares it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieving.

[1] *noblemen*

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way then swearing by it.

[2] *affected nobleman*

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leave you: by this hand *Claudio* shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene ii. *A prison.*]

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

[*Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio.*]

Keeper. [*Dog.*] Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. [*Verg.*] O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

323. *Count:* count, Count–Q. 326. *cursies:* courtesies–3-4F. 338. *so leave:* so I leave–Q.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. [*Dog.*] Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. [*Verg.*] Nay that's certaine, wee have the exhibition | to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is | your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kem. [*Dog.*] Pray write downe *Borachio.* Yours sirra. |

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade.*

Kee. [*Dog.*] Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: mai- | sters, doe you serve God:

[*Both.* Yea, sir, we hope. |

Kem. [*Dog.*] Write downe, that they hope they serve God: | and write God first, for God defend but God should goe | before such villaines:] maisters, it is proved alreadie | that you are little better than false knaves, and it will goe | neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your | selves?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I | will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word | in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false | knaves.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in | a tale: have you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to examine, you must call forth the watch that are their accusers. [1] *readiest*

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Yea marry, that's the eftest[1] way,

17. bracketed ll. in Q.

let the watch | come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name, | accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don John* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Write down, Prince *John* a villaine: why this | is flat perjurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Master Constable.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke | I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had received a thousand Dukates of *Don John*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Flat Burglarie as ever was committed. |

Const. [*Verg.*] Yea by th'masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. [*Dog.*] O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into ever- | lasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny, Prince *John* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the griefe of this sodainely died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Const. [*Dog.*] Come, let them be opinion'd.

47. *by th'masse:* by mass–Q.
60. *Leonato:* Leonato's (Leonatoes)–Q.

Sex. [*Verg.*] Let them be in the hands [*Con.*] of *Coxcombe.* |

Kem. [*Dog.*] Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write | downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe:* come, binde them | thou naughty varlet.

Couley. [*Con.*] Away, you are an asse, you are an asse. | 67

Kemp. [*Dog.*] Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not | suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee | downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: | though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an | asse: No thou villaine, thou art full of piety as shall be prov'd | upon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and | which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houshoul- | der, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in | Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and every thing handsome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an asse! *Exit.* 80

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Before Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato and his brother [*Antonio*].

Brother. [*Ant.*] If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe, |
And 'tis not wisedome thus to second griefe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,

63. *of Coxcombe:* Off, Coxcomb! separate l.—WARBURTON.
75. *any in:* any is in—Q.

Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a sive: give not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his childe,
Whose joy of her is over-whelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere every straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a griefe for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
Patch griefe with proverbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselves not feele, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
Would give preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow:
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lowder then advertisement.[1] [1] *admonition*

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
For there was never yet Philosopher,

9. *comfort:* comforter–Q. 10. *doth:* do–Q.
19. *And sorrow:* Bid sorrow–CAPELL.

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How ever they have writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.
Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.
Prin. Good den, good den.
Clau. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Heare you my Lords?
Prin. We have some haste *Leonato.*
Leo. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.
Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with us, good old man.
Brot. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler,
thou: |
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I feare thee not.
Claud. Marry beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my sword.
Leonato. Tush, tush, man, never fleere and jest at me,
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As under priviledge of age to bragge,
What I have done being yong, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey haires and bruise of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors:
O in a tombe where never scandall slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.
Claud. My villany?
Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.
Prin. You say not right old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile prove it on his body if he dare,
Despight his nice fence, and his active practise,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.
Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.
Leo. Canst thou so daffe[1] me? thou hast kild my child,
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
Bro. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one first:
Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, ile whip you from your foyning[2] fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.
Leon. Brother.
Brot. Content your self, God knows I lov'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Jackes, milke-sops.
Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

[1] *befool*
[2] *thrusting*

71. *my:* mine–Q.

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog,[1] and flout, deprave, and slander,
Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

[1] *deceive*

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou? had wee fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for them.

120. *Enter Benedicke:* shifted to after l. 124—CAPELL.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.

Clau. We have beene up and downe to seeke thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would faine have it beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side? 140

Clau. Never any did so, though verie many have been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure us.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subject. 150

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your eare?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. [*Aside to Claudio*] You are a villaine, I jest not, I will make it good | how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: | do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you have | kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heavie on | you, let me heare from you. | 162

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may have good cheare.

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

148. *and:* an—CAPELL.

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calves head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: just said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeve said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the proprest man in Italie.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee did not hate him deadlie, shee would love him dearely, the old mans daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the savage Bulls hornes on the sensible B*enedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text under-neath, heere dwells B*enedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank

172. *saies:* saide—Q. 185. *and:* an—Hanmer.

you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you have among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be with him. [*Exit.*]

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable [*Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch*], *Conrade, and Borachio.* |

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke up my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. [*Dog.*] Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, shee | shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and | you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to. |

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Const. Marrie sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they have belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

216. *and:* an–THEOBALD.

Prin. First I aske thee what they have done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Who have you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be understood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I have deceived even your verie eies: what your wisedomes could not discover, these shallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how *Don John* your brother incensed[1] me to slander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you disgrac' d her when you should marrie her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeate over to my shame: the Ladie is dead upon mine and my masters false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

[1] *instigated*

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I have drunke poison whiles he utter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is upon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time

250. verse—Pope.

our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place shall serve, that I am an Asse.

*Con.*2. [*Verg.*] Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and | the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato [*and Antonio, with the Sexton*].

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoide him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the slave that with thy breath
hast kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your selfe,
Impose[1] me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

[1] *command*

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend under anie heavie waight,
That heele enjoyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I praie you both,

270. *thou thou the:* thou the—Q.
270-2. 2 ll. ending kill'd, alone—Q.

Possesse[1] the people in *Messina* here,
How innocent she died, and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my sonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my childe that's dead,
And she alone is heire to both of us,
Give her the right you should have giv'n her cosin
And so dies my revenge.

[1] *acquaint*

Clau. O noble sir!
Your overkindnesse doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore *Claudio.*

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leave, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret,*
Who I beleeve was packt[2] in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

[2] *implicated*

Bor. No by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin just and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreover sir, which indeede is not under white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paied, that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankefull and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God save the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Const. I leave an arrant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie give you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero:*

Leon. [*To the Watch*] Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with | *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd | fellow. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Leonato's garden.*]

Enter Benedicke and Margaret [*meeting*].

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Beatrice.*

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living

344-6. 2 ll. ending Margaret, fellow–Pope.

shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, wee have bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. [*Sings*] The God of love that | sits above, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pitti- | full I deserve. I meane in singing, but in loving, Lean- | der the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of | pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam car- | pet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the e- | ven rode of a blanke verse, why they were never so true- | ly turned over and over as my poore selfe in love: mar- | rie I cannot shew it rime, I have tried, I can finde out no | rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, | horne, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time:

26-8. *The God ... deserve:* 4 ll. ending love, above, 2d. and knows me, deserve–CAPELL.
31. *name:* names–Q.3-4F. 34. *it rime:* it in rhyme–Q.3-4F.
36. *time ... time:* rhyme ... rhyme–Q.2-4F.

verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne under a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festivall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past betweene you and *Claudio.*

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkist.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainely, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politique a state of evill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do suffer love indeede, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceablie.

38. *for:* nor—Q.

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee shall live no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it most expedient for the wise, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your Uncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooved my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abusde, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Uncles. *Exeunt.*

74. *monumen's:* monument–Q. *Bels ring:* bell rings–Q.

[Scene iii. *A church.*]

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?
Lord. It is my Lord.
[*Claud. Reading out of a scroll.*]

Epitaph. |

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praising her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe us to sigh and grone.
Heavily, heavily.
Graves yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Lo. [*Claud.*] Now unto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do | this right. |

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,

18. 2 rhymed ll.–3-4F.
22. *Heavenly, heavenly:* Heavily, heavily–Q.
23. 2 rhymed ll.–Rowe.

The wolves have preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.
Clau. Good morrow masters, each his severall way.
Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.
Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *A room in Leonato's house.*]

Enter Leonato, Bene. [*Beatrice*] *Marg. Ursula, old man* [*Antonio*], *Frier* [*Francis*], *Hero.* |

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?
Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.
Old. [*Ant.*] Well, I am glad that all things sort so well. |
Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your brothers daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*
Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.
Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or undoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.
Bene. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.
Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?
Bened. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd,
In the state of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my helpe.
[Heere comes the Prince and Claudio.]

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.
Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?
Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.
Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.
[*Exit Antonio.*]
Prin. Good morrow *Benedike*, why what's the matter?
That you have such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes upon the savage bull:
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

34-5. bracketed l. in Q.

Ben. Bull *Jove* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter brother, [*Antonio with*] *Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula, masked.*

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leo. [*Ant.*] This same is she, and I doe give you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
[*Unmasking.*]
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero?*

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero, Hero* that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,[1]
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let us presently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice?*

Beat. [*Unmasking*] I answer to that name, what is your will?

[1] *moderate*

52. *A:* And–Q.3-4F. 67. *died, but:* died defiled, but–Q.

Bene. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, have beene deceived, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you love mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Ursula* Are much deceiv'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And Ile be sworne upon't, that he loves her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice.*

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedicke.*

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld upon great perswasion, & partly to save your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. [*Bene.*] Peace I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou

80-1. 2 ll. ending Claudio, did–Q.
86, 87. *swore you:* swore that you–Q.
88. *no matter:* no such matter–Q.

think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it, and therefore never flout at me, for I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cousin. 116

Cla. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that | I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make | thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, | if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee. | 120

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heeles.

Leon. Wee'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word, therfore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staff more reverend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Mes.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to *Messina.* 129

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile devise thee brave punishments for him: strike up Pipers. *Dance.* [*Exeunt.*]

112. *for I:* for what I–Q.3-4F.

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS IN GLOSSARIES

All's Well	All's Well that Ends Well
Ant. & Cleo.	Antony and Cleopatra
As You	As You Like It
Cor.	Coriolanus
Cymb.	Cymbeline
Errors	The Comedy of Errors
Ham.	Hamlet
1 Hen. IV	The First Part of King Henry IV
2 Hen. IV	The Second Part of King Henry IV
Hen. V	The Life of King Henry V
1 Hen. VI	The First Part of King Henry VI
2 Hen. VI	The Second Part of King Henry VI
3 Hen. VI	The Third Part of King Henry VI
Hen. VIII	The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII
John	The Life and Death of King John
Jul. Cæs.	Julius Cæsar
Lear	King Lear
Lov. Comp.	A Lover's Complaint
Love's Lab.	Love's Labour's Lost
Lucrece	The Rape of Lucrece
Macb.	Macbeth
Meas. for Meas.	Measure for Measure
Mer. of Ven.	The Merchant of Venice
Mer. Wives	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mids. Night Dr.	A Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado	Much Ado about Nothing
Oth.	Othello
Pass. Pilg.	The Passionate Pilgrim
Per.	Pericles
Phœn. & Tur.	The Phœnix and the Turtle
Rich. II	The Tragedy of King Richard II
Rich. III.	The Tragedy of King Richard III
Rom. & Jul.	Romeo and Juliet
Sonn.	Sonnets
Sonn. Mus.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Tam. of Shr.	The Taming of the Shrew
Temp.	The Tempest
Tim. of Ath.	Timon of Athens
Tit. And.	Titus Andronicus
Tro. & Cres.	Troilus and Cressida
Tw. Night	Twelfth Night
Two Gen. of Ver.	The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Ven. & Ad.	Venus and Adonis
Wint. Tale	The Winter's Tale

MEASURE, FOR MEASURE

GLOSSARY

Absolute, III. i. 7, positive, not doubtful; Ham., V. i. 140, V. i. 66, perfect; Oth., II. i. 219.
Absolutely, IV. ii. 220, entirely.
Abuse, V. i. 233, deception; Ham., IV. vii. 55.
Accommodations, III. i. 16, comforts; Oth., I. iii. 264.
Action, II. i. 181, lawsuit; Tw. Night, IV. i. 34, IV. i. 43, gesture.
Advertise, I. i. 47, V. i. 423, stress on second syllable, *ad-ver'-tise*; instruct; Hen. VIII, II. iv. 214.
Advice, V. i. 515, reflection; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 211.
Affect, I. i. 7, love; Mer. Wives, II. i. 103.
Affection, II. iv. 182, feeling; III. i. 108, passions.
After, II. i. 239, at the rate of; III. i. 27, like.
All-building, II. iv. 102, which is the foundation of all (?).
And (*an*), II. i. 164, V. i. 91, if.
Answere (*answer*), II. iv. 80, accountability.
Appliances, III. i. 102, remedies; 2 Hen. IV, III. i. 31.
Appointment, III. i. 67, preparation; 1 Hen. IV, I. ii. 166.
Approbation, I. iii. 177, probation, novitiate.
Apt, V. i. 553, ready.
As, II. iv. 97, although; Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 66; *as then*, V. i. 90, at the time.
Assay, III. i. 183, trial.
Attempt, IV. ii. 102, tempt; Loves' Lab., I. ii. 164.
Aves, I. i. 79, two syllables; acclamations.
Avis'd (*avised*), II. ii. 160, advised, cognizant; Mer. Wives, I. iv. 94.

Bar'de (*bared*), IV. ii. 188, shaved and tied.
Barke (*bark*), III. i. 83, strip.
Bastard, III. ii. 4, sweet wine.
Bay, II. i. 240, window or door.
Beholding, IV. iii. 177, under obligation; Mer. Wives, I. i. 248.
Belongings, I. i. 35, endowments.
Bestow'd on, III. i. 247–8, left to.
Betroathed (*betrothed*), III. ii. 275, three syllables.
Billets, IV. iii. 59, small logs.
Blench, IV. v. 7, start away; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 385.
Blood, II. i. 15, animal passion.
Boldness, IV. ii. 167, confidence.
Bonds, V. i. 12, obligations.
Boote (*boot*), II. iv. 13, advantage.
Bore in hand, I. iv. 57–8, kept in expectation; *cf.* Much Ado, IV. i. 311; *borne up*, IV. i. 53, devised.
Bosome (*bosom*), IV. iii. 149, heart's desire.
Brakes, II. i. 45, thickets (?); *cf.* Hen. VIII, I. ii. 95.
Bravery, I. iii. 13, splendour, finery; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 63.
Breeds, II. ii. 171, gives birth to new thoughts.
Bring, I. i. 70, escort.
Bulke (*bulk*), IV. iv. 27; see *credent*.
Bum, II. i. 15, 16, buttocks.
Bunch of Grapes, II. i. 132–3, a room in the inn.

Caracts (*characts*), V. i. 68, distinctive marks.
Censur'd (*censured*), I. iv. 80, *censure*, II. i. 18, 32, sentence, judge ; Lear, V. iii. 6.
Character, I. i. 33, mark ; IV. ii. 205, handwriting.
Chastisment, V. i. 291, stress on first syllable.
Cheape (*cheap*), III. i. 201, little valued.
Circummur'd (*mured*), IV. i. 32, walled around.
Clack-dish, III. ii. 125, beggar's plate.
Clap into, IV. iii. 44, begin promptly ; As You, V. iii. 12.
Close, V. i. 379, make terms ; 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 324.
Close, IV. iii. 133, silent, secret ; Rom. & Jul., I. i. 151.
Clutch'd, III. ii. 48, closed, clenched ; John, II. i. 620.
Cold, IV. iii. 108, cool, deliberate.
Combynate (*combinate*), III. i. 242, affianced, contracted.
Combined, IV. iii. 160, three syllables ; bound.
Come, III. ii. 41, be brought.
Comes off, II. i. 64, is told.
Commission, I. i. 53, four syllables, *com-mis-si-on*.
Commoditie (*commodity*), parcel ; Tw. Night, III. i. 45.
Commune, IV. iii. 113, stress on first syllable ; consult.
Compact, V. i. 275, stress on second syllable ; leagued.
Companion, V. i. 385, knave, used contemptuously ; Mer. Wives, III. i. 108.
Compel'd (*compelled*), II. iv. 62, stress on first syllable, because immediately preceding its noun ; not voluntary.
Compleat (*complete*), I. iii. 5, stress on first syllable when followed directly by its noun, as here ; perfect ; Love's Lab., I. ii. 42.
Complexion, II. iv. 140, III. i. 26, outward appearance.
Composition, I. ii. 4, V. i. 250, agreement, compact.
Concerning, IV. i. 46, which it is important for her to observe.
Concupiscible, V. i. 121, concupiscent, desirous.
Confessor, IV. iii. 143, stress on first syllable, *con'-fes-sor*.
Confixed, V. i. 263, three syllables, *con-fix'ed* ; fixed, stationary.
Conjure, V. i. 60, stress on first syllable ; Errors, IV. iii. 68.
Conserve, III. i. 101, preserve.
Constantly, IV. i. 25, firmly ; Tro. &. Cres., IV. i. 46.
Consummate, V. i. 417, being finished, consummated.
Continue, IV. iii. 91, keep as before ; Hen. VIII, II. iv. 56.
Contract, I. ii. 143, stress on second syllable.
Contrarious, IV. i. 69, contradictory.
Convenient, IV. iii. 112, fitting.
Converted, V. i. 185, summoned ; Hen. VIII, V. i. 64.
Countenance, V. i. 143, authority, patronage ; Jul. Cæs., I. iii. 177.
Covent (*convent*), IV. iii. 143, monastery.
Creation, II. iv. 138, nature.
Credent, bulke (*bulk*), IV. iv. 27, weighty reputation that is trusted.
Credulous, II. iv. 141, yielding, impressionable.
Cry you mercy, IV. i. 13, beg your pardon ; Mer. Wives, III. v. 25.
Cucullus non facit monachum, *cu-cul'-lus, mon'-a-cum*, 'V. i. 297, the cowl does not make the monk.'
Cunning, IV. ii. 168, sagacity.

Damned, IV. iii. 137, two syllables.
Dares, IV. iv. 26, defies, challenges (?).
Deaths (*death's*), III. i. 13, character in old religious plays.
Dedicate, II. ii. 183, frequently used for the past participle 'dedicated.'
Defiance, III. i. 163, indignant refusal.
Definitive, V. i. 473, resolved, not to be moved ; *cf. definit*, Cymb., I. vi. 50.
Delighted, III. i. 139, endowed with pleasurable qualities ; Cymb., V. iv. 107.
Denies, V. i. 457, refuses.

GLOSSARY

Denunciation, I. ii. 146, formal declaration.
Deputation, I. i. 23, deputyship.
Determin'd (*determined*), III. i. 80, limited ; 1 Hen. VI, IV. vi. 12.
Determines, I. i. 44, assigns.
Discover, III. i. 213, expose ; IV. ii. 185, recognize.
Dispenses with, III. i. 154, pardons ; Errors, II. i. 108.
Disproved, V. i. 188, three syllables.
Dissolution, III. ii. 220, death, destruction ; Rich. II, II. i. 269.
Dis-valued, V. i. 251, discredited.
Disvouch'd (*disvouched*), IV. iv. 3, contradicted.
Drawne (*drawn*) *in*, II. i. 209, swindled.
Dressings, V. i. 68, adornments ; Sonn. 123. 4.
Dribling (*dribbling*), I. iii. 4, feeble.

Edict, II. ii. 117, stress on second syllable.
Effect, IV. ii. 171, token ; V. i. 226, action ; *effects*, III. i. 26, expressions.
Eld, III. i. 38, old age, the aged.
Emmew, III. i. 104, force to cover.
En-shield (*enshield*), II. iv. 88, for the past participle, 'enshielded,' covered with a shield.
En-skied (*ensky'd*), I. iv. 38, enshrined in heaven.
Entertaine (*entertain*), III. i. 87, cling to, keep ; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 99.
Entertainment, III. ii. 210, expectation.
Escapes, IV. i. 70, sallies.
Essence, II. ii. 147, nature.
Estimation, IV. ii. 26, reputation.
Exists (*exist'st*), III. i. 22, second person singular, existest ; for the 't' omitted with a verb ending in 't' ; *cf. splits*, II. ii. 143.
Extirpe (*extirp*), III. ii. 101, extirpate, root out.

Fact, IV. ii. 148, V. i. 481, deed, crime.
Fall, II. i. 9, perhaps transitive, let fall ; Temp., II. i. 326.
False, II. iv. 53, unlawful.
Falsely, II. iv. 51, unlawfully.
Fault, I. ii. 157, error.
Favor, IV. ii. 32, 185, face.
Feare (*fear*), II. i. 4, frighten ; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 213.
Fedarie (*feodary*), II. iv. 133, accomplice ; Cymb., III. ii. 23.
Few, III. i. 247, few words, brief.
Fewnes (*fewness*) *and truth*, I. iv. 43, briefly and in earnest.
File, III. ii. 135, body, number ; Cor., I. vi. 45.
Fine, II. ii. 56^2, punishment.
Fine, II. ii. 56^1, *fin'de* (*fined*), III. i. 132, punish, punished.
Flawes (*flames*), II. iii, 14, passions ; Macb., III. iv. 80.
Flourish, IV. i. 86, colour, justify ; *cf.* Love's Lab., II. i. 17.
Flowrie (*flowery*), III. i. 96, delicate as a flower.
Fond, II. ii. 178, trivial ; II. ii. 220, V. i. 129, deluded.
Fondnesse (*fondness*), II. iv. 31, devotion.
Foppery, I. ii. 130, folly, giddiness ; Mer. of Ven., II. iv. 37.
For, I. ii. 151, favourable to ; *for vaine* (*vain*), II. iv. 14.
For, II. i. 32, because in vain.
Forfeite (*forfeit*), III. ii. 191, liable to punishment.
Forfeites (*forfeits*), V. i. 357, regulations.
Forth, V. i. 289, further, to the end.
Foyson (*foison*), I. iv. 47, rich harvest ; Temp., II. i. 170.
Free, V. i. 430, generous.
French crowne (*crown*), I. ii. 51, a coin worth four or five shillings, a bald head.

Garden-house, V. i. 240, summer-house, pavilion.
Generall (*general*), II. iv. 30, populace ; Ham., II. ii. 465.
Generation, IV. iii. 97, race.
Generative, III. ii. 111, born without a male parent, or possibly meant for 'ungenerative.'
Generous, IV. vi. 19, to be understood as superlative like *gravest* ; noblest born ; Oth., III. iii. 326.
Ghostly, IV. iii. 51, V. i. 151, spiritual ; Rom. & Jul., II. ii. 210.

Giglets, V. i. 384, pert, wanton girls ; *cf.* Cymb., III. i. 38.
Giving out, I. iv. 60, apparently a misprint for the plural, 'givings out'; public statements.
Glassie (*glassy*), II. ii. 147, perishable as an image reflected in a glass.
Glimpse, I. ii. 157, luster, glitter.
Gnarled, II. ii. 143, two syllables.
Grace, I. iv. 75, good fortune.
Gradation, IV. iii. 107, gradual progress.
Grange, III. i. 284, solitary farmhouse ; Oth., I. i. 118.
Gratulate, V. i. 584, gratifying.
Gravel, IV. iii. 70, stony.
Guard, I. iii. 56, posture of defence ; Temp., II. i. 357 ; *gardes* (*guards*), III. i. 111, trimmings ; Much Ado, I. i. 276.
Gyves, IV. ii. 12, fetters.

Had as liefe (*lief*), I. ii. 34, a genuine idiom, in which the adjective *lief*, pleasing, originally agreed with the object clause or infinitive.
Hanniball (*Hannibal*), II. i. 177, for 'cannibal.'
Happely (*happily*), IV. ii. 103, perhaps ; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 57.
Heavy, IV, i. 39, sleepy ; Temp., II. i. 196.
Helmed, III. ii. 141, guided.
Hent, IV. vi. 20, passed beyond, cleared ; *cf.* Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 126.
Hide, V. i. 81, suppress.
His, IV. i. 35, its, the latter form being not yet in general use.
Hold, I. i. 48, III. i. 193, rest, remain.
Home and home, IV. iii. 159, to the quick.
Hot-house, II. i. 73, brothel.
How, II. iv. 64, what ; Temp., II. i. 278.

Ignomie (*ignomy*), II. iv. 120, ignominy ; perhaps a misprint merely.
Impartiall (*impartial*), V. i. 194, taking no part.
Imports, V. i. 132, carries with it.
Importune, I. i. 64, stress on second syllable ; demand.
Imposition, I. ii. 187, penalties imposed.
In (*me*), I. iii. 48, perhaps a misprint ; *in place*, V. i. 554, present.
Incertaine (*incertain*), III. i. 146, vague, unsteady.
Inequality, V. i. 79, injustice.
Inforce (*enforce*), V. i. 301, urge.
Informall (*informal*), V. i. 268, crazed.
Inriched (*enriched*), I. i. 15, three syllables.
Inrolled (*enrolled*), I. ii. 165, three syllables.
Insensible of, IV. ii. 156, indifferent to.
Instance, IV. iii. 144, token, proof.
Invention, II. iv. 5, imagination.
Inward, III. ii. 129, intimate.
Is, III. ii. 45, are, especially so used before *there*.
Issues, I. i. 42, purposes.

Journall (*journal*), IV. iii. 96, diurnal, daily ; Cymb., IV. ii. 15.
Just, III. i. 78, V. i. 230, even so, exactly.

Keepes (*keeps*), I. iv. 13, III. i. 12, V. i. 20, stay, are to be found.
Know, II. i. 11, reflect.

Leaven'd, I. i. 59, fermented, mature.
Leiger, III. i. 66, resident agent, ambassador.
Let, II. iv. 84, supply 'me' as object.
Like, V. i. 91, please.
Like, V. i. 128, probable.
Limit, III. i. 235, appointed time.
Lists, I. i. 9, bounds ; All's Well, II. i. 59.
Loathed, III. i. 147, two syllables.
Longs, II. ii. 79, belongs ; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 48.
Losse (*loss*), II. iv. 98, absence.
Lover, I. iv. 44, mistress ; As You, III. iv. 42.
Luxurie (*luxury*), V. i. 556, licentiousness ; Mer. Wives, V. v. 101.

Me, I. ii. 165, II. i. 122, IV. ii. 7, ethical dative ; I. i. 77, myself.
Meal'd, IV. ii. 89, spotted.
Meane (*mean*), II. iv. 103, means ; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 41 ; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 106, 107.
Medlar, IV. iii. 190, a fruit which decays easily.
Meere (*mere*), V. i. 179, used in place of the adverb.
Miscarried, III. i. 230, was lost ; 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 136.
Moe, III. i. 42, more, transposed with the numeral ; Much Ado, II. iii. 74.
More, II. ii. 26, V. i. 269, double comparative ; Temp., I. ii. 24.
Mortallitie (*mortality*), I. i. 50, life and death.
Most, IV. i. 48, utmost, longest.
Mother, I. iv. 97, abbess.
Mysterie, misterie (*mystery*), IV. ii. 33, 34, etc., art, trade.

No, IV. iv. 26, denial.
Not, II. i. 21, before the verb as if the auxiliary 'do' were used ; Temp., II. i. 122, etc.
Nuptiall (*nuptial*), III. i. 234, V. i. 567, like the plural, wedding ; Temp., V. i. 362.

Obstruction, III. i. 137, stagnation of the blood ; Tw. Night, III. iv. 23.
Office, V. i. 401, service.
Omit, IV. iii. 80, pass by.
Opposite, III. ii. 162, opponent.
Other, II. iv. 97, other thing, thing else.
Owe, I. iv. 93, possess ; Temp., III. i. 56.

Pace, IV. iii. 147, teach to go ; Per., IV. vi. 57.
Paine (*pain*), II. iv. 94, penalty.
Pain'd, V. i. 427, put to trouble.
Parcell (*parcel*), II. i. 70, partly, part.
Part, I. i. 47, office.
Partiall (*partial*), II. i. 34, modifies *nothing that is partial*.
Particular, IV. iv. 28, private, personal ; Cor., IV. v. 91.
Passe (*pass*), II. i. 26, *passing*, II. i. 22, pass sentence.
Passes, V. i. 408, acts.
Paved, V. i. 482, two syllables.
Peaches, IV. iii. 13, denounces, charges with being.
Pelting, II. ii. 139, paltry ; Lear, II. iii. 19.
Perdurablie (*perdurably*), III. i. 132, everlastingly.
Permissive, I. iv. 43, permitted ; only here in Sh.
Planched, IV. i. 34, two syllables ; made of planks.
Plucke (*pluck*), II. iv. 159, draw, urge.
Possest (*possessed*), IV. i. 48, informed ; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 65.
Practise (*practice*), V. i. 131, 148, conspiracy.
Precept, IV. i. 43, instruction.
Precise, II. i. 61, undoubted.
Prefers, I. i. 62, puts forward, considers first.
Pregnant, I. i. 14, proficient, expert ; II. i. 26, evident.
Prenzie, III. i. 108, 111, prim, demure.
Present, IV. ii. 219, immediate.
Presently, IV. iii. 85, immediately.
Preserved, II. ii. 182, three syllables ; kept from harm, pure.
Prints, II. iv. 141, impressions.
Probation, V. i. 88, novitiate ; V. i. 184, proof.
Profession, IV. iii. 4, business.
Prolixious, II. iv. 176, superfluous.
Prompture, II. iv. 192, impulse.
Prone, I. ii. 182, expressive (?).
Proper, I. i. 36, peculiarly ; I. ii. 126, III. i. 32, V. i. 452, own.
Propogation (*propagation*), I. ii. 148, increase.
Proportion, I. ii. 24, measure ; *proportions*, V. i. 249, fortune, portion ; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iii. 5.
Provinciall (*provincial*), V. i. 352, under the jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical province.
Put, I. i. 8, made ; 2 Hen. VI, III. i. 46.
Putting on, IV. ii. 128, inciting, urgency ; Cor., II. iii. 270.

Qualifie (*qualify*), IV. ii. 89, moderate, check.

Question, I. i. 52, II. iv. 98, consideration, consultation.
Quest (*quests*), IV. i. 69, spyings.
Quit, V. i. 455, 551, requite, pay back; 538, absolve from, pardon.

Race, II. iv. 174, nature; Temp., I. ii. 420.
Racke (*rack*), IV. i. 72, distort; V. i. 351, strain by torture.
Ravyn, I. ii. 126, swallow eagerly.
Rebate, I. iv. 66, dull.
Receive, I. ii. 177, begin; *received*, II. iv. 90, three syllables; understood.
Record, II. ii. 56, stress on second syllable.
Refeld (*refell'd*), V. i. 117, refuted.
Referre (*refer*), III. i. 265, betake.
Remembred, II. i. 111, *be remembred*, remember.
Remission, V. i. 553, pardon; Two Gen. of Ver., I. ii. 68.
Remonstrance, V. i. 434, demonstration.
Remorse, II. ii. 73, V. i. 123, compassion.
Remove, I. i. 49, absence, departure; Ant. & Cleo., I. ii. 220.
Renouncement, I. iv. 39, renunciation.
Resolution, III. i. 188, determination.
Resolve, III. i. 209, IV. ii. 220, inform, convince; Lear, II. iv. 28; *resolv'd*, III. ii. 244, resigned.
Respected, II. i. 164, etc., suspected.
Restrained, II. iv. 52, three syllables; forbidden.
Retort, V. i. 336, refer back.
Ribbed, III. i. 141, two syllables.
Russia, II. i. 138, three syllables.

Salt, V. i. 45, lascivious.
Sapigo (*serpigo*), III. i. 33, an eruptive disease.
Satisfie (*satisfy*), II. ii. 130, III. i. 188, IV. iii. 82, content, ease.
Sawcie (*saucy*), II. iv. 49, wanton.
Scaled, III. i. 274, weighed, tested (?); Cor., II. iii. 266.
Scope, I. i. 73, extent of authority; I. ii. 124, iii. 40, license.
Scruple, I. i. 43, small measure of weight; I. i. 73, conscientious doubt.
Sea (*See*), III. ii. 216, papal authority.
Secondary, I. i. 52, subordinate.
Sects, II. ii. 8, classes; Ham., I. iii. 30.
Seednes (*seedness*), I. iv. 46, sowing.
Seemes (*seems*), V. i. 81, the subject, a relative pronoun, is omitted.
Seeming, II. iv. 163, III. ii. 39, hypocrisy.
Selfe (*self*), II. ii. 154, singular because *outs* is singular in meaning.
Severall (*several*), II. iv. 4, different.
Severe, II. ii. 58, stress on first syllable.
Sheepe (*sheep*) *-biting*, V. i. 391, thieving (?), or malicious; *cf. sheepe-biter*, Tw. Night, II. v. 7.
Shie (*shy*), III. ii. 129, V. i. 66, demure.
Shield, III. i. 161, forbid.
Shrewd, II. i. 246, harsh, mischievous; Much Ado, II. i. 20.
Shrift, IV. ii. 219, absolution.
Sickles (*sicles*), II. ii. 178, shekels.
Siege, IV. ii. 106, seat.
Sildome (*seldom*) *when*, IV. ii. 92, seldom, it is seldom that.
Skin, II. ii. 164, cover with a skin; Ham., III. iv. 157.
Snatches, IV. ii. 7, repartees.
Soone (*soon*) *at night*, I. iv. 99, this very night; Mer. Wives, I. iv. 10.
Sort, IV. iv. 18, rank; Hen. V, IV. vii. 144.
Soule (*soul*), I. i. 20, affection, heart; Temp., III. i. 55.
Spare, II. iii. 39, forbear to offend; Errors, IV. i. 86.
Spirit's, IV. ii. 94, time of one syllable.
Splay, II. i. 228, castrate.
Spleenes (*spleens*), II. ii. 149, mood, fit of laughter; Love's Lab., V. ii. 123.
Splits (*split'st*), II. ii. 143, splittest; *cf. exists*, III. i. 22.
Stage, I. i. 77, make a show of; *cf.* Ant. & Cleo., III. xiii. 35.

GLOSSARY

Stagger in, I. ii. 164, am in doubt about.
Staies (*stays*) *upon*, IV. i. 51, waits for.
Starkely (*starkly*), IV. ii. 68, stiffly.
Steed (*stead*), I. iv. 21, serve, help; Temp., I. ii. 194; *steed up*, III. i. 270, supply.
Stew, V. i. 355, cauldron.
Stings, I. iv. 65, impulses.
Storie (*story*), I. iv. 34, mock, object of jest.
Straitnesse (*straightness*), III. ii. 252, strictness, severity.
Strange, V. i. 46, strangely, the *-ly* being supplied from the previous adverb.
Stricture, I. iii. 115, strictness, severity.
Subject, III. ii. 135, V. i. 22, people.
Subscribe, II. iv. 97, admit.
Succeed, II. iv. 134, inherit.
Successive, II. ii. 123, stress on first syllable; succeeding, following.
Sufferance, III. i. 92, pain.
Supposed, III. i. 158, deposed, sworn.
Sweat, I. ii. 78, plague.
Sweetnes (*sweetness*), II. iv. 49, indulgence.
Swing'd, V. i. 156, beaten; Two Gen. of Ver. II. i. 81, III. i. 375.

Taxe (*tax*), II. iv. 87, accuse.
Taxe (*ta'en*), IV. i. 41, taken.
Temporary, V. i. 172, concerning temporal matters.
There, III. i. 193, in that opinion.
These, II. iv. 87, those now worn.
They, I. i. 37, them, object of *waste*; Rich. III, II. ii. 81.
Thirsty, I. iii. 127, causing thirst.
This, I. iii. 24, these, the years being regarded as a single space of time; Much Ado, III. iii. 123; V. i. 157, this is.
Throughly, V. i. 294, thoroughly.
Ticke-tacke (*tick-tack*), I. ii. 189, a game like backgammon.
Tilth, I. iv. 48, tillage.
Tongue, IV. iv. 26, speak of; Cymb., V. iv. 153.
Towze (*touse*), V. i. 346, tear.
Trade, III. i. 170, custom.
Trick, III. ii. 52, V. i. 560, fashion.
True, IV. ii. 42, honest.
Trumpets, IV. v. 11, trumpeters.
Tunne (*tun*)*-dish*, III. ii. 169, funnel.

Unbeleeved, V. i. 144, four syllables.
Unfolding, IV. ii. 215, bidding open the fold or pen.
Ungenitur'd (*ungenitured*), III. ii. 171, unbegotten.
Ungot, V. i. 168, unbegotten.
Unpittied (*unpitied*), IV. ii. 13, merciless.
Unpregnant, IV. iv. 21, unready, dull.
Unshun'd (*unshunned*), III. ii. 60, inevitable.
Unsisting, IV. ii. 95, unyielding.
Untrussing, III. ii. 176, undressing.
Unweighing, III. ii. 138, inconsiderate.
Uprighteously, III. i. 220, honestly.
Use, I. i. 46, interest; I. iv. 68, customary practices.
Usuries, III. ii. 6, loans of use of body and of money.

Vaile (*veil*), IV. vi. 6, cover; (*vail*), V. i. 26, lower.
Vantage, V. i. 457, benefit.
Vastiditie (*vastidity*), III. i. 79, vastness.
Vertuous (*virtuous*), II. ii. 201, powerful, operative; Oth., III. iv. 131.
Viewlesse (*viewless*), III. i. 142, invisible.
Voice, I. ii. 179, name.
Vouch, II. iv. 170, attestation; Hen. VIII, I. i. 219.
Vulgarly, V. i. 187, publicly.

Warpe (*warp*), I. i. 17, deviate; *warped*, III. i. 162, two syllables; unnatural.
Wear, III. ii. 73, fashion.
What, IV. ii. 140, V. i. 519, who.
Whiles, IV. iii. 87, while.
Who, I. ii. 188, which or whom.

Wickedst (*wicked'st*), V. i. 65, wickedest, a not uncommon contraction of the superlative.
Widow, V. i. 469, endow with a widow's jointure.
Wildernesse (*wilderness*), III. i. 162, wildness, wantonness.
Woodman, IV. iii. 180, poacher, hunter.
Wot, II. i. 116, know.
Y'are (*yare*), IV. ii. 58, ready; Temp., I. i. 12, 43.
Yeare (*year*), II. i. 239, singular after a numeral, which was good English idiom in Sh.'s time.
Yeeld (*yield*), V. i. 10, display, offer.
Zodiacks (*zodiacs*), I. ii. 167, years.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

Advised, V. i. 230, well informed, deliberate about; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 151; John, IV. ii. 224; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 191; 2 Hen. IV, I. i. 187.

Amaine (*amain*), I. i. 95, with main, or power, that is, swiftly; Temp., IV. i. 83.

Anatomie (*anatomy*), V. i. 254, skeleton; John, III. iv. 44; Tw. Night, III. ii. 63. See note, p. 136.

Angels, IV. iii. 40, English gold coin, worth about ten shillings; Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 58. See note, p. 128.

Antipholus, V. i. 372, used as a plural, the plural inflection being frequently omitted in Sh. in either spelling or pronunciation. Compare Cor., III. iii. 153; Temp., I. ii. 282.

Antipholus ... him, V. i. 147-150; here the construction is changed by change of thought, and the subject becomes the object. Compare Hen. V, IV. iii. 43, 44; Tit. And., III. i. 166, 167.

Apparantly (*apparently*), IV. i. 87, evidently; used only here in Sh.

Are both broke loose, V. i. 181, a change of construction frequent in writings of the period.

A-row, V. i. 182, in a row, successively, one after the other. See note, p. 135.

As, I. i. 56, has here the force of a relative = 'that they.' For this construction compare Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 42; Lear, I. iv. 60.

At boord (*board*), III. ii. 19, at table · after prepositions the article was more commonly omitted in adverbial phrases than now; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 369, 800; Ham., II. iv. [5]; Cor., IV. vii. 5.

Attach, IV. i. 8, 82, IV. iv. 7, arrest, a legal term; Rom. & Jul., V. iii. 190; Rich. II, II. iii. 165.

Attaine (*attaint*), III. ii. 17, disgrace; Tro. & Cres., I. ii. 30.

Austeerely (*austerely*), IV. ii. 3, seriously. See note, p. 120.

Avoide (*avoid*), IV. iii. 49, 66, avaunt, away; Temp., IV. i. 163; Cor., IV. v. 25.

Back friend (*back-friend*), IV. ii. 44, secret enemy. See note, p. 122.

Ballast, III. ii. 141, past participle of the verb to 'ballase' or 'balase,' to load with cargo.

Balsamum, IV. i. 99, balm; used only here, and *Balsam* only Tim. of Ath., III. v. 121.

Band, IV. ii. 59, IV. iii. 32, bond; Rich. II, I. i. 6. See note, p. 124.

Bastard fame, III. ii. 20, an unearned reputation for respectability. See note, p. 112.

Be, V. i. 406, frequently used after verbs of thinking to express some doubt; As You, II. vii. 3; Ham., I. i. [1]; 1 Hen. VI, II. i. 57.

Be acquainted, III. ii. 16, not often used without the preposition.

Beads, II. ii. 190, rosary; Rich. II, III. iii. 155; Rich. III, III. vii. 99.

Beare (*bear*), V. i. 10, carry off, win; Tim. of Ath., I. i. 162.

Beaten the Maids, V. i. 182, a change of construction frequent in writings of the period.

Become, III. ii. 12, make becoming.

Befalne (*befall'n*), I. i. 126, used only here with *of* by Sh.

Belike, IV. i. 29, IV. iii. 91, probably; Two Gen. of Ver., I. ii. 91.

Beshrew, II. i. 54, a mild imprecation, like 'plague on'; Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 57; Mer. of Ven., II. vi. 59; John, V. iv. 53.

Besides, III. ii. 83, used as a preposition in the sense of 'out of'; Tw. Night, IV. ii. 88; Cymb., II. iv. 191.

Bestow, IV. i. 19, employ, use; Tro. & Cres., II. ii. 166.

Bestow'd, I. ii. 82, stowed, deposited; Temp., V. i. 352; Oth., III. i. 57.

Bestrid, V. i. 207, stood over in order to defend.

Bides, II. i. 115, endures; Rom. & Jul., I. i. 221; Tw. Night, I. v. 70, II. iv. 100.

Blouds (*bloods*), I. i. 13, plural, as often in Sh., because more than one person is referred to. Compare Macb., III. i. 47; Rich. II, IV. i. 321.

Both one and other, IV. iii. 86, omission of 'the' is common in Sh., though more frequently in adverbial phrases.

Broke, I. ii. 54, a frequent form of the participle, formed by dropping the 'n.'

Carefull (*careful*), V. i. 318, anxious, full of care; Rich. II, II. ii. 80.

Carkanet (*carcanet*), III. i. 7, a richly ornamented or jeweled necklace, also a bracelet or chain-like ornament for the hair.

Carrects (*caracks*), III. ii. 141, galleons, large trading-vessels. See note, p. 116.

Carv'd (*carved*), II. ii. 120, showed great courtesy and affability. See note, p. 103.

Cates, III. i. 34, delicacies, dainties; Tam. of Shr., II. i. 206.

Certis (*certes*), IV. iv. 83, certainly, nearly obsolete in time of Sh., who uses it only five times; Temp., III. iii. 42; Oth., I. i. 19.

Charect (*carat*), IV. i. 32, worth, value; used only here, and spelled 'charract' in 2 Hen. IV, IV. v. 176.

Charg'd (*charged*) *him with*, III. i. 11, gave into his charge.

Chargefull (*chargeful*), IV. i. 33, expensive; used only here in Sh.

Children, V. i. 375, pronounced *child-(e)-ren*.

Circumstance, V. i. 19, detail; Two Gen. of Ver., I. i. 40; Rich. III, I. ii. 83.

Cleane (*clean*), I. i. 136, quite, entirely; 2 Hen. IV, I. ii. 94; Jul. Cæs., I. iii. 37; Oth., I. iii. 388.

Coile (*coil*), III. i. 65, ado, fuss; Rom. & Jul., II. v. 69; Temp., I. ii. 241.

Coldly, V. i. 288, calmly, coolly; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 53.

Compact, II. ii. 162, pronounced *com-pact*, as generally in Sh.

Compact of, III. ii. 23, composed of, made up of; As You, II. vii. 7; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 10. See note, p. 112.

Companion, IV. iv. 66, here an expression of contempt, as 'fellow' to-day.

Conceit, IV. ii. 79, imagination; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 263; As You, V. ii. 56.

Confiscate, I. i. 24, here pronounced *con-fis'-cate*, used frequently as a participial form; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 326; Cymb., V. v. 387; 3 Hen. VI, IV. vi. 59.

Confounds himselfe (*himself*), I. ii. 41, is lost, destroys himself; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 293; Macb. IV. i. 59. See note, p. 92.

Confusion, II. ii. 181, ruin; a frequent use of the word; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 159. Compare 'confound,' I. ii. 41.

Consort you, I. ii. 30, bear you company; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 136; Love's Lab., II. i. 187; Jul. Cæs., V. i. 96. See note, p. 91.

Cosenage (*cozenage*), I. ii. 102, deceit, cheating; Mer. Wives, IV.

v. 38; Ham., V. ii. 73. See note, p. 93.

Countermands, IV. ii. 44, reverses the order; used only here and Lucrece, 276.

Credit, III. ii. 23, credulity.

Curtull (*curtal*), III. ii. 150, having a docked tail; Mer. Wives, II. i. 102. See note, p. 116.

Customers, IV. iv. 65, familiar associates or companions; sometimes used in a bad sense, as probably here.

Cuts, V. i. 453, straws or sticks cut so that one is either shorter or longer than the others; the person drawing the one different in length draws the prize.

Dalliance, IV. i. 55, trifling.

Dankish, V. i. 263, damp; used only here in Sh.

Darke working (*dark-working*), I. ii. 104, necromancing, working by the help of evil spirits. See note, p. 93.

Deadly, IV. iv. 102, death-like; Ven. & Ad., 1044; Tw. Night, I. v. 263.

Death, I. i. 149, preceded by 'the' seems to mean death by judicial sentence; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 74, and note, p. 101; Rich. II, III. i. 33; 1 Hen. IV, V. v. 19.

Debted, IV. i. 35, indebted; used only here in Sh.

Deciphers, V. i. 358, makes known, indicates; Mer. Wives, V. ii. 11.

Decline, III. ii. 46, incline or lean to. See note, p. 112.

Declining, III. ii. 139, inclining.

Defeatures, II. i. 103, V. i. 319, disfigurement; Ven. & Ad., 736. See note, p. 138.

Deformed, V. i. 318, deforming; an irregular use, common in Sh., of passive for active participle, arising from a loose use of suffixes; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 169; 1 Hen. VI, I. i. 128.

Demeane (*demean*), IV. iii. 83, conduct, behave, the original meaning; so used in Sh. Compare V. i. 96.

Deni'de (*denied*), IV. ii. 8, followed by a negative, as in Rich. III, I. iii. 95; frequent in the writings of the time.

Despight (*despite*) *of*, III. i. 154, spitefully disposed to. See note, p. 110.

Detaine (*detain*), II. i. 112, withhold.

Did not see you since, II. ii. 17; *since* is frequently used in Sh. with the simple past tense where we use the perfect; Hen. V, IV. vii. 57; Ant. & Cleo., III. xiii. 122; Cymb., IV. ii. 140.

Digestions, V. i. 82, pronounced *di-gés-ti-óns*.

Dilate, I. i. 125, relate, narrate, as we say now 'dilate upon'; Oth., I. iii. 176.

Disanull (*disannul*), I. i. 147, annul, the prefix being intensive; 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 97.

Discharg'd (*discharged*), IV. i. 36, IV. iv. 132, paid, used of the creditor; in l. 15 of the debt, as in modern usage; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 290.

Discover, V. i. 218, reveal.

Dispose, I. i. 24, disposal; John, I. i. 275; Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 88.

Dispos'd (*disposed*), I. ii. 77, disposed of; Tit. And., IV. ii. 180.

Distain'd, II. ii. 148, sullied, polluted. See note, p. 103.

Distemperatures, V. i. 90, distempers, ailments. Compare Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 110; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 40.

Distract, IV. iii. 42, distracted; as usual in Sh., verbs ending in 'd' or 't' do not add another dental for the participle.

Diviner, III. ii. 144, sorceress.

Draws drifoot (*dry-foot*), IV. ii. 46, tracks game by the mere scent of the foot. See note, p. 122.

Draw within the compasse (*compass*) *of suspect*, III. i. 133, bring into suspicion. *Suspect* is used frequently as noun; Rich. III, I. iii. 94; Sonn. 70.

Drie (*dry*) *basting*, II. ii. 64, to thrash or cudgel soundly. See note, p. 101.

Drives, II. ii. 186, winds around.

Durance, IV. iii. 28, a stout, durable cloth. See notes, pp. 121, 127.

Embracements, I. i. 47, used more frequently by Sh. than 'embrace'; Wint. Tale, V. i. 144; Tam. of Shr., In. i. 129; Rich. III, II. i. 36.

Excrement, II. ii. 79, outgrowth (applied to hair). See note, p. 102.

Exempt, II. ii. 172, separated. See note, p. 104.

Extasie (*ecstasy*), IV. iv. 55, frenzy, madness.

Eyther (*either*) *end the mast*, I. i. 88; the omission of the preposition is common. Compare As You, I. iii. 124; Love's Lab., V. ii. 9; Hen. VIII, IV. i. 63; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 575.

Faire (*fair*), II. i. 103, beauty; Ven. & Ad., 1083, 1086; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 194, II. i. 207.

Fall, II. ii. 127, let fall, as often; Jul. Cæs., IV. ii. 31; Temp., II. i. 326.

Falsing, II. ii. 95, apt to be falsified; used only here in Sh. See note, p. 102.

Finde (*find*) .. *forth*, I. ii. 40, find out; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 152.

Fine and recoverie (*recovery*), I. ii. 75, a legal term, regarded as the strongest assurance known to English law.

Fond, II. i. 121, doting, with a tinge of contempt in the use, making it foolishly doting; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 129; Cor., IV. i. 31; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 48.

Fondly, IV. ii. 68, foolishly.

Foole-beg'd (*fool-begg'd*), II. i. 44, foolishly demanded. See note, p. 96.

For, I. i. 60, for that, because; Meas. for Meas., II. i. 31; Rich. III, II. ii. 99; Oth., I. iii. 285; Cymb., IV. ii. 172.

Forbid, I. ii. 96, an abbreviated participial form, frequently used by Sh.

Formall (*formal*), V. i. 113, ordinary, rational.

Forswore .. *to have*, V. i. 14, swore that he did not have.

Forth, II. ii. 213, IV. iv. 104, out of the house; Mer. of Ven., II. v. 39; Mer. Wives, II. ii. 251.

For why, III. ii. 109, because. See note, p. 114.

Foulded (*folded*), III. ii. 38, concealed; Lucrece, 675, 1073.

Fraughtage, IV. i. 97, freight, luggage.

Genius, V. i. 356, attendant spirit; Macb., III. i. 67. Compare Ant. & Cleo., II. iii. 20.

Get within him, V. i. 38, grapple with him.

Gilders (*guilders*), I. i. 12, IV. i. 6, Dutch coin, used here of money in general; used only here in Sh.

Glanced, V. i. 74, hinted; only example in Sh. of transitive use.

Go, V. i. 434, come, as often in Sh.

God for thy mercy, IV. iv. 163; there is some ellipsis, as 'I pray.'

God he knowes (*knows*), V. i. 245, a pronoun is frequently inserted as subject after a proper noun; John, V. vii. 68.

Good now, IV. iv. 24, a frequent expression of address or entreaty in Sh.; Wint. Tale, V. i. 25; Ham., I. i. 86.

Gossip, V. i. 436, be a boon companion, make merry. Compare V. i. 450; John, V. ii. 62.

Gossiping, V. i. 450, merry-making, with a reference probably to original sense, a sponsor's feast.

Gossips, V. i. 434, sponsors.

Grained, V. i. 331, marked like the grain of wood; Cor., IV. v. 114.

Growing, IV. i. 10, accruing, becoming due; the present tense occurs in IV. iv. 134, 151.

Hatch, III. i. 40, half-door; John, I. i. 180, V. ii. 144; Lear, III. vi. 35.

Healthfull (*healthful*), I. i. 117, wholesome, salutary.

Heard .. *to denie* (*deny*), V. i. 28; contrary to modern usage, *to* was used freely after verbs of perceiving; 2 Hen. VI, II. i. 115; Tw. Night, I. v. 299, III. i. 110.

Helpelesse (*helpless*), II. i. 42, affording no help, unavailing, as often in Sh.; Lucrece, 1027;

Ven. & Ad., 604; Rich. III, I. ii. 16.

Her, V. i. 291, that woman, pointing to the courtezan.

Hier (*hire*), IV. i. 105, here pronounced *hi-re*, as in Hen. VIII, II. iii. 46; Ant. & Cleo., V. i. 27, etc.

His, II. i. 20, 115, IV. ii. 22, for 'its,' as often in Sh., 'its' being used only for emphasis.

Holpe (*holp*), IV. i. 26, the usual form of the past tense of 'help' in Sh.

Horne mad (*horn-mad*), II. i. 62, like a mad bull, with a reference to the horns of the cuckold; Mer. Wives, I. iv. 47, III. v. 142; Much Ado, I. i. 260. See note, p. 97.

Host, I. ii. 10, lodge; used only here and All's Well, III. v. 119.

Houre (*hour*), III. i. 168, pronounced *hóu-r*, as often in Sh.

How chance, I. ii. 46, how does it chance; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 139; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 26.

Hoy, IV. iii. 39, a small vessel; used by Sh. only here.

I, I. i. 36, in modern English this would be written 'for me,' but Sh. frequently used the nominative before the infinitive in this fashion. Compare As You, I. ii. 267; Cor., III. ii. 102; Ham., I. iv. 42, etc.

Idle, II. ii. 179, producing no fruit, barren; Oth., I. iii. 163; Lear, IV. iii. 8.

If no, I. i. 157, an unusual construction, but found in Temp., I. ii. 495.

Illusions, IV. iii. 43, pronounced here *il-lus-i-ons*.

Impeach, V. i. 285, accusation, impeachment; used only here and 3 Hen. VI, I. iv. 64.

Important, V. i. 149, importunate; Much Ado, II. i. 66; All's Well, III. vii. 26. See note, p. 134.

Importun'd (*importuned*), I. i. 129, IV. i. 4, 60, here pronounced *impór-tuned*, as always in Sh.; Ham., I. iii. 117.

In, II. ii. 33, IV. iii. 8, V. i. 100, 154, into.

Incorporate, II. ii. 124, made one, the usual participial form; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 215; Jul. Cæs., I. iii. 150.

In graine, III. ii. 112, deeply dyed.

In post, I. ii. 67, post-haste; Rom. & Jul., V. iii. 297; Rich. II, II. i. 306; Lucrece, 1; Rich. III, III. v. 79.

Inquisitive, I. ii. 41, looking after something else.

Inspiration, II. ii. 168, pronounced here *in'-spir-á-ti-ón*.

Instance, I. i. 67, indication, sign; Lucrece, 1511; Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 72.

In sunder, V. i. 265, a phrase becoming obsolete in time of Sh.; used only here and Lucrece, 388.

Intestine, I. i. 15, internal.

Is, IV. iv. 101, a singular verb with two singular subjects is common in Sh. See note, p. 131.

It shall not neede (*need*), V. i. 418, a peculiar use of the impersonal = there is no need of it. Compare 3 Hen. VI, I. iv. 135.

I will be there, IV. i. 43, *will* for 'shall' is common in works of the Shakespearian period.

Jest upon, II. ii. 30, trifle with; Tw. Night, III. i. 62; Tam. of Shr., IV. v. 78.

Jewell (*jewel*), II. i. 114, V. i. 155, applied to any ornament or piece of jewelry; Tw. Night, III. iv. 206; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 246; Cymb., II. iii. 162.

Keepe (*keep*), II. i. 29, the infinitive with 'to' is frequently used after 'make.'

Kinsman, V. i. 88, akin.

Kitchin'd (*kitchen'd*), V. i. 446, entertained in the kitchen; used only here in Sh.

Know my aspect, II. ii. 34, study my countenance; pronounced *as-pĕct* always in Sh.

Know this sure uncertaintie (*uncertainty*), II. ii. 187, understand this thing which is surely uncertain.

Lasht (*lash'd*), II. i. 18, scourged. See note, p. 95.

Lay at host in, V. i. 441, were put up at. Compare I. ii. 10.

Lets, II. i. 110, hinders; Tw. Night, V. i. 264.

Liberties of sinne (*sin*), I. ii. 107, sinful liberties. See note, p. 95.

Licencious, II. ii. 133, pronounced here *li-cén-ti-oús*.

Light, IV. iii. 53, wanton; so used frequently by Sh.

Limbo, IV. ii. 39, a cant term for 'prison,' properly hell or its borders.

List me, IV. i. 111, though 'to' is omitted, *me* is evidently here the dative case, as Tam. of Shr., I. i. 391; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 612.

Long, IV. iv. 174, seldom so used with a subordinate clause. Compare 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 284.

Love-springs, III. ii. 4, fountains of love.

Mace, IV. iii. 29, club carried by bailiff or sergeant; Jul. Cæs., IV. iii. 312.

Mad, IV. iv. 139, V. i. 92, make mad; Sh. does not use modern 'madden.'

Made, III. i. 139, barred.

Make a common of, II. ii. 31, use as a playground. See note, p. 100.

Making, IV. ii. 26, outward form.

Malthorse (*malt-horse*), III. i. 38, brewer's draft-horse, used contemptuously; Tam. of Shr., IV. i. 118.

Markes (*marks*), I. i. 25, 28, etc., a coin worth about twenty-four cents.

Mated, III. ii. 56, V. i. 299, confused, bewildered; Macb., V. i. 79.

Meane (*mean*), I. ii. 19, the singular is used frequently in Sh.; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 106.

Mermaide (*mermaid*), III. ii. 47, siren, as usually in Sh.

Mickle, III. i. 60, much; Hen. V, II. i. 64; Rom. & Jul., II. iii. 16.

Minions, II. i. 92, IV. iv. 65, favorites; here used contemptuously; Temp., IV. i. 109; Macb., I. ii. 25; 2 Hen. VI, I. iii. 87.

Mome, III. i. 38, buffoon; used only here in Sh.

Moode (*mood*), II. ii. 171, anger; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. i. 53; All's Well, V. ii. 5; Oth., II. iii. 288.

Moris (*morris-*) *pike*, IV. iii. 29, a weapon supposed to be of Moorish origin, whence its name.

Mortall (*mortal*), I. i. 15, deadly, as frequently in Sh.; Tw. Night, III. iv. 260, 275; John, III. i. 271; 3 Hen. VI, II. ii. 18.

Motion, III. ii. 25, used in the singular sense of a single puppet.

Motions, I. i. 63, proposals.

Mountebankes (*mountebanks*), I. ii. 106, showmen. See note, p. 94.

Moves, II. ii. 182, appeals to; All's Well, I. ii. 10; Rich. III, III. vii. 149; Hen. VIII, II. iv. 245.

Nature, I. i. 38, natural affection, feeling; Temp., V. i. 88; Ham., I. v. 86. See note, p. 86.

Neither, V. i. 102, 321; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 199, V. ii. 38.

Nickes (*nicks*), V. i. 187, cuts his hair in notches, like that of a fool.

No, I. i. 157, used for 'not'; Temp., I. ii. 495; Meas. for Meas., IV. iv. 26.

No other cause, II. i. 36, no cause to be otherwise.

Nor .. no, III. ii. 45, the use of the double negative is frequent in Sh.; IV. ii. 8; Rich. III, I. iii. 95.

Nor .. will not, IV. ii. 21, this use of double negative is frequent; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 209.

Of, I. i. 133, out of, from.

Of, III. ii. 32, on.

Olde (*old*), I. i. 48, II. ii. 150, this use of 'old,' where we would say 'long,' is frequent in Sh. Compare Ham., IV. vi. 17.

Once this, III. i. 135, once for all. Compare Cor., II. iii. 2; Much Ado, I. i. 308.

On night, V. i. 226, a-night, of

nights; these prepositions were frequently interchanged.

On whom, I. i. 87, the omission of the preposition, and sometimes, as here, the pronoun it governs, is frequent in Sh. Compare Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 407; Wint. Tale, II. i. 160, etc.

Ore-wrought (*o'er-raught*), I. ii. 101, cheated.

Other-where (*otherwhere*), II. i. 33, 109, in some other direction; Hen. VIII, II. ii. 71; Rom. & Jul., I. i. 206. See note, p. 96.

Our, I. i. 42, here pronounced *oú-r;* Much Ado, III. i. 14; Cor., III. i. 408.

Owe, III. i. 55, own, possess, as often in Sh.; Cor., III. ii. 157; Temp., I. ii. 471.

Pack'd, V. i. 235, in conspiracy.

Parcell (*parcel*), V. ii. 114, part; Cor., IV. v. 222.

Part, III. i. 102, depart; Tw. Night, V. i. 404; Mer. of Ven., II. viii. 39; Lear, I. ii. 26.

Partiall (*partial*) *to infringe*, I. i. 8, inclined to the side that would lead one to infringe.

Passage, III. i. 145, going to and fro of people; Oth., V. i. 47.

Passion, V. i. 53, pronounced *pās-sĭ-ŏn.*

Patch, III. i. 39, fool. See note, p. 39.

Pause, II. i. 35, rest, be in quiet.

Peevish, IV. i. 103, IV. iv. 127, silly, foolish; Ham., I. ii. 108; Rich. III, I. iii. 203, IV. ii. 110.

Penitent, I. ii. 56, doing penance.

Perdie, IV. iv. 77, a corruption, like 'pardee,' of *par Dieu;* Ham., III. ii. 319.

Perforce, IV. iii. 195, V. i. 125, by force; As You, I. ii. 21.

Persever, II. ii. 218, pronounced *per-sĕv-er*, as always in Sh.; All's Well, IV. ii. 46.

Peruse, I. ii. 14, examine or observe, now obsolete; 1 Hen. VI, IV. ii. 47.

Pesant (*peasant*), II. i. 86, V. i. 247, servant. Compare 'villain.'

Playnings (*plainings*), I. i. 75, wailing; Lucrece, 559; Rich. II, I. iii. 177.

Pleaseth you, IV. i. 14, if it please you; the subjunctive is frequently indicated by such transposition; Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 185; Oth., V. i. 17; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 182.

Please you, IV. iv. 53, give you as a gratuity.

Poisons, V. i. 78, the plural verb in 's,' very common in Sh., is not ungrammatical, but a relic of an old Northern England dialect plural.

Porpentine, III. i. 162, the word always used in Sh. for 'porcupine'; Ham., I. v. 25.

Possesse (*possess*) *..from me*, II. ii 178, deprive me of, dispossess me.

Post, I. ii. 68, a post upon which accounts in a shop were scored.

Pound, IV. i. 24, used as a plural, a use still common in expressions of number, weight, or measure.

Presently, III. ii. 152, IV. i. 36, V. i. 34, immediately.

Procrastinate, I. i. 161, used only here in Sh.

Put finger in the eie (*eye*), II. ii. 207, in a childish way; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 83.

Quench the haire (*hair*), V. i. 185, cool the hair, quench the fire in it.

Quit, I. i. 26, remit; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 399.

Ragge (*rag*), IV. iv. 95, shred, particle.

Randone, I. i. 46, old form of 'random,' from the French *randon;* used in Early English in its primitive sense.

Reft, I. i. 118, 131, not a case of the prefix dropped from 'bereft,' but a participle from 'reave'; All's Well, V. iii. 100. For the ellipsis of the nominative see Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 198; Much Ado, IV. i. 162; Ham., III. i. 10; Macb., IV. ii. 28.

Rests, IV. iii. 26, arrests, with, of course, a play on the usual meaning of the word.

Rested, IV. iv. 4, arrested.

Retained, I. i. 131, used for 're-

taining,' or else the personal pronoun is omitted, an ordinary construction in writers of the period.

Reverent (*reverend*), V. i. 132, *reverend*, V. i. 145, the two forms were used indiscriminately.

Reverted, III. ii. 129, turned back.

Rode (*road*), III. ii. 152, port, haven; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 314.

Round, II. i. 87, plain-spoken, unrestrained in speech; Ham., III. i. 195, iv. 7; Oth., I. iii. 107. See note, p. 98.

Runs counter, IV. ii. 46, follows the scent backward instead of forward. See note, p. 122.

Sans, IV. iv. 80, without; a word used so frequently in time of Sh. that it seems regarded as English.

Satisfaction, IV. i. 7, V. i. 428, here pronounced *sát-is-fác-ti-ón*.

Sconce, I. ii. 83, II. ii. 36, 37, a protection for the head, hence, contemptuously, the skull, head; Cor., III. ii. 123; Ham., V. i. 105. See note, p. 101.

Scorch, V. i. 195, excoriate.

Scoure (*score*) ... *pate*, I. ii. 69, score faults in blows upon the head. Compare 1 Hen. IV, V. iii. 36.

Season, IV. ii. 71, opportunity.

Selfe (*self*), V. i. 13, same, very; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 150; Hen. V, I. i. 4; Rich. II, I. ii. 25; Tw. Night, I. i. 45.

Semblance, V. i. 373, pronounced *semb-(e)-lance*.

Send me by some token, IV. i. 63, an ordinary transposition meaning 'send some token by me.' See note, p. 118.

Sensible, IV. iv. 29, sensitive, with a suggestion of its present meaning — sensitive, and so made sensible.

Sets up his rest, IV. iii. 28, makes up his mind, a proverbial expression. See note, p. 127.

Sham'st (*shamest*), V. i. 342, often used intransitively in Sh. Compare As You, IV. iii. 143.

Shrive, II. ii. 211, absolve.

Simpathized (*sympathized*), V. i. 426, mutually shared; an unusual use of the word.

Sinking ripe (*sinking-ripe*), I. i. 80, ready to sink, ripe for sinking. Compare Love's Lab., V. ii. 307; 3 Hen. VI, I. iv. 183.

Situate, II. i. 19, used frequently as a participial form.

Sleepes (*sleeps*), V. i. 79, for 'slumbers'; this plural occurs also in Ham., IV. vii. 33.

Some get within him, V. i. 38, close with him, grapple with him.

Some other, IV. iii. 6, the singular is so used frequently in Sh.; Ven. & Ad., 1102; Sonn. 62.

Soone (*soon*), I. ii. 28, nearly, about. See note, p. 91.

Sooth (*soothe*), IV. iv. 87, humor; Lear, III. iv. 185.

Sorrie (*sorry*), V. i. 129, had a stronger meaning in time of Sh. than now; Macb., II. ii. 30. See note, p. 133.

Sot, II. ii. 196, dolt, blockhead; Temp., III. ii. 98; Tw. Night, I. v. 120.

So to denie (*deny*), V. i. 19, one of the numerous instances of the redundant particle 'to.'

Sower (*sour*), V. i. 51, pronounced *soú-r*.

Speake (*speak*) *him faire* (*fair*), IV. ii. 19, give encouraging response. Compare III. ii. 12; IV. iv. 176; V. i. 249; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 207.

Spight (*spite*), IV. ii. 9, vexation, mortification. Compare II. ii. 191.

Splitted, I. i. 106, V. i. 328, an unusual participial form, found only in 2 Hen. VI, III. ii. 440; Ant. & Cleo., V. i. 30.

Staies (*stays*), I. ii. 80, use of a singular verb with two singular nouns as subject is frequent in Sh.; Cymb., III. vi. 23, V. ii. 9; Ham., III. ii. 189; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 86.

Stale, II. i. 106, with double meaning: 1. a stalking-horse, 2. laughing-stock. See note, p. 98.

Stands upon, IV. i. 76, concerns; Lear, V. i. 73; Ham., V. ii. 69; Ant. & Cleo., II. i. 62-3; Rich. III, IV. ii. 66.

Starve for a .. looke (*look*), II. i. 93, a frequent figure in Sh. Compare Sonn. 47; Sonn. 75.

Stigmaticall (*stigmatical*), IV. ii. 26, marked with stigma or deformity; used by Sh. only here. See note, p. 120.

Still, IV. iv. 179, always.

Stomacke (*stomach*), I. ii. 53, appetite; Mer. of Ven., III. v. 84; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 196.

Stray'd, V. i. 57, caused to stray; only instance of transitive use in Sh.

Strong escape, V. i. 159, escape effected by violence. See note, p. 134.

Strucken, I. ii. 49, participle of 'strike,' for which Sh. uses variously 'struck,' 'stroken,' 'stricken.'

Strumpeted, II. ii. 146, the verb is used only here and Sonn. 66.

Stuffe (*stuff*), IV. iv. 172, 182, baggage, luggage. See note, p. 131.

Suspect, III. i. 133, suspicion.

Swart, III. ii. 108, dark, swarthy.

Sweet-fac'd, V. i. 449, good-looking; Mids. Night Dr., I. ii. 83.

Sweet now, IV. ii. 34, a common expression of appeal; Temp., IV. i. 139. Compare 'good now,' IV. iv. 24.

Synodes (*synods*), I. i. 17, elsewhere in Sh. applied only to meetings of the gods; As You, III. ii. 150.

Take a house, V. i. 40, take refuge in a house, take sanctuary. See l. 102.

Take order, V. i. 157, take measures.

Tartar limbo, IV. ii. 39, Tartarian shadow, shades of Tartarus.

That, I. i. 98, that which, what.

That, I. ii. 3, II. ii. 28, so found frequently as a conjunctional suffix.

That, III. i. 10, belongs really to the preceding clause, but Sh. frequently uses it as here, as if to connect the clause more closely with its antecedent; Cymb., III. v. 91; As You, IV. ii. 13.

That, III. ii. 148, V. i. 151, so that, the 'so' being frequently omitted in Sh.; Love's Lab., V. ii. 10; Jul. Cæs., I. i. 52.

Thinke (*think*) *it be*, V. i. 406; *be* is used in dependent clauses where the matter is not absolutely certain; As You, II. vii. 3; Ham., I. i. 125; 1 Hen. VI, II. i. 57.

Timelie (*timely*), I. i. 141, early, speedy.

Tooke (*took*), II. i. 94, Sh. uses as participle variously 'took,' 'taken,' 'ta'en.'

Tooke (*took*) *on him as*, V. i. 258, pretended to be. Compare 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 69.

Towards, I. i. 90, here pronounced *tó-wards*.

Traine (*train*), III. ii. 47, draw, entice; Love's Lab., I. i. 76; John, III. iv. 180; Tit. And., V i. 113.

Ungalled, III. i. 148, unhurt, uninjured; Ham., III. ii. 297.

Unhappie (*unhappy*), IV. iv. 136, mischievous.

Untun'd (*untuned*), V. i. 330, discordant; hence, rendering discordant. See note, p. 138.

Vaine (*vain*), III. ii. 28, light of tongue.

Venome (*venom*), V. i. 77, the noun used for the adjective 'venomous.' Compare Ham., III. i. 167; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 184; Cor., III. iii. 132.

Vigor (*vigour*), IV. iv. 86, force.

Villaine (*villain*), I. ii. 21, vassal, slave, since Dromio had been bought by his master; Lear, III. vii. 96; Lucrece, 1338; As You, I. i. 57. See note, p. 91.

Vouchsafe me speak, V. i. 301, 'to' was variously omitted or inserted. Compare V. i. 422.

Vulgar, III. i. 146, general, public; Ant. & Cleo., III. xiii. 145.

Waftage, IV. i. 105, passage; Tro. & Cres., III. ii. 11.

Wafts, II. ii. 110, beckons; Tim. of Ath., I. i. 89; Ham., I. iv. 46; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 15.

Wandred (*wander'd*), II. ii. 4, the auxiliary 'is' was used with verbs of motion more commonly than 'has'; Jul. Cæs., V. iii. 28; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 4.

Wedde (*wed*), I. i. 40, for 'wedded'; the form used in the time of Sh.

Well advisde (*-advis'd*), II. ii. 216, in his right mind. Compare V. i. 230; Rich. III, II. i. 17; 2 Hen. VI, II. i. 55.

What, III. ii. 16, often used for 'why'; Tit. And., I. i. 218; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 141; Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 368.

What please, III. ii. 177, what may please.

When as, IV. iv. 154; frequently used in this way as a conjunctional and unnecessary suffix; 3 Hen. VI, I. ii. 90, II. i. 51, V. vii. 36.

Wh'er (*whether*), IV. i. 67, the Folio reading here shows the pronunciation, though it does not always do so, as in Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 84; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 330; Ham., II. ii. 19.

Which, V. i. 389, for 'who,' as often in Sh.; 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 98; Rich. II, II. i. 112; Wint. Tale, II. iii. 130.

Whilst to take order, V. i. 157, to take measures.

Who I made Lord, V. i. 148, the grammatical usage customary at the time.

Whom, I. i. 133, one of the numerous instances in Sh. where the relative pronoun does not refer to the nearest antecedent.

Will, IV. i. 43, for 'shall'; it is evidently a regular idiom with 'perchance,' as the expression occurs frequently and Sh. is otherwise careful in the distinction; Oth., V. ii. 246; Mer. of Ven., II. v. 55.

Winde, I. ii. 57, breath.

Witch, IV. iv. 180, unusual to find this word used of a man, since the masculine is 'wizard.'

Woont (*wont*), IV. iv. 39, not the usual and familiar participle, but the past tense of obsolete 'non' or 'none'; used by Sh. only here, in Sonn. Mus. 53, and 1 Hen. VI, I. ii. 17.

Wot, V. i. 159, know, the present tense of an obsolete verb, 'wit,' to know.

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING

GLOSSARY

A, III. ii. 92, perhaps the corruption of a preposition ; *cf.* Love's Lab., V. ii. 651 ; IV. iii. 27, one ; V. iv. 52, 109, he.

Abusde (*abused*), V. ii. 93, deceived ; As You, III. v. 83.

Accordant, I. ii. 13, favourable.

Accused, IV. i. 241, three syllables.

Advertisement, V. i. 35, admonition ; All's Well, IV. iii. 210.

Advise, IV. i. 253, persuade ; *advis'd*, Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 54.

Afeard, II. iii. 149, afraid. Both forms of the word used interchangeably by Sh.

Affect, I. i. 286, care for ; Love's Lab., I. ii. 83.

Affection, II. ii. 7, inclination ; Love's Lab., V. i. 84.

Agot (*agate*), III. i. 70, figure cut on a seal ; 2 Hen. IV, I. ii. 17.

Alliance, II. i. 303, marriage(?).

Almes (*alms*), II. iii. 155, charity.

And (*an*), I. i. 185, III. iv. 53, if.

Angell (*angel*), II. iii. 31, a gold coin.

Another's, II. iii. 207, *the other's*, an Elizabethan idiom when separated as here from *one; cf.* Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 206.

Anticke (*antique*), III. i. 68, stress on first syllable ; buffoon ; Rich. II, III. ii. 165.

Antiquely, V. i. 107, fantastically.

Apparitions, IV. i. 166, five syllables, *ap-par-i-she-ons*.

Appear, I. ii. 19, become manifest.

Apprehension, III. iv. 64, wit.

Approved, II. i. 360, IV. i. 47, tried, proved.

Argument, I. i. 247, II. iii. 11, theme ; II. iii. 223, proof ; Love's Lab., I. ii. 163.

Arras, I. iii. 56, tapestry wall-hangings ; Ham., II. ii. 180.

As, III. i. 49[1], *as full* for 'fully as,' idiom of the time.

At, II. i. 108, in.

Attired, IV. i. 152, wrapped.

Aunchentry (*ancientry*), II. i. 72, old-fashioned ceremony.

Ayme (*aim*) *at*, III. ii. 86, form an opinion of, judge what will hit as in shooting, to reach the centre.

Baldricke (*baldrick*), I. i. 234, belt.

Balthasar (*Balthazar*), II. iii. 42, stress on last syllable, *h* silent, *Bal-ta-zar.*'

Barnes (*barns*), III. v. 46, a Scotchism, 'bairns,' children.

Beare (*bear*) *in hand*, IV. i. 311, keep in expectation ; Meas. for Meas., I. iv. 57–58.

Beaten with braines (*brains*), V. iv. 109, mocked.

Become, IV. i. 218, come, result.

Behaviours, II. iii. 10, actions.

Being that, IV. i. 259, since, an idiom still heard occasionally.

Bent, II. iii. 214, tension, strain ; Tw. Night, II. iv. 44 ; IV. i. 194, nature.

Berrord (*bear-ward, bear-herd*), II. i. 39, bear-keeper ; *cf.* 2 Hen. IV, I. ii. 156.

Bils (*bills*), I. i. 39, posters ; III. iii. 170, bonds; *bills*, III. iii. 42, pikes.

Birladie (*by'r lady*), III. iii. 81, by our lady.

Blacke (*black*), III. i. 68, dark-complexioned; Two Gen. of Ver., V. ii. 12.
Blazon, II. i. 282, explanation.
Block, I. i. 72, shape, model; Lear, IV. vi. 197.
Bloud (*blood*), I. iii. 26, disposition; *blood*, II. i. 173, passion.
Boorded (*boarded*), II. i. 137, accosted; *cf. boord*, Tw. Night, I. iii. 55.
Borachio, I. iii. 37, stress on second syllable, *Bor-a'tcho*.
Bottle, I. i. 248, small cask, keg.
Brave, V. iv. 131, suitable; *cf. braver*, Mer. of Ven., III. iv. 68.
Breake (*break*), I. i. 299, 316, *broken*, II. i. 285, broach the subject.
Breathing, II. i. 344, delay.
Bring, III. ii. 4, accompany; Meas. for Meas., I. i. 70.
Broke, V. i. 152, broken.
Bruise, V. i. 73, wounds, impairment; *cf.* 1 Hen. IV, I. iii. 62.
Burbold (*bird-bolt*), I. i. 42, blunt arrow.
Burden, III. iv. 43, base accompaniment; As You, III. ii. 243.
But, II. i. 230, modifies *one*.

Candle-wasters, V. i. 21, night students.
Canker, I. iii. 25, wild rose; 1 Hen. IV, I. iii. 181.
Capon, V. i. 167, castrated cock, wretched fellow; Errors, III. i. 38.
Carduus benedictus, holy-thistle.
Careere (*career*), II. iii. 230, V. i. 148, tilting ground, race course.
Carpet-mongers, V. ii. 30, carpet-knights.
Carriage, I. iii. 27, deportment.
Carry, II. iii. 206, carry out, manage.
Carving, II. iii. 17, modelling, shaping; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 98.
Censur'd (*censured*), II. iii. 215, judged; John, II. i. 349.
Certainer, V. iv. 66, for the comparative form of a dissyllabic adjective; *cf.* Cor., II. i. 83.
Cham, II. i., Khan of Tartary.
Charge, I. i. 100, burden; III. iii. 71, orders.
Cheapen, II. iii. 30, bid for.
Cinque-pace, II. i. 69, five-step, a lively dance.
Circumstances, III. ii. 91, details, ceremonious language; Tam. of Shr., V. i. 29.
Civill (*civil*), II. i. 280[2], of Seville, neither sweet nor sour.
Civit (*civet*), III. ii. 45, a strong perfume.
Clamour, V. ii. 77, clanging of bells.
Clarke (*clerk*), II. i. 104, one who reads responses at a church service.
Claw, I. iii. 16, flatter.
Cog, V. i. 106, deceive by fair words; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 42.
Coile (*coil*), V. ii. 91, *coyle*, III. iii. 91, turmoil, trouble.
Coldly, III. ii. 117, quietly.
Comfect, IV. i, 323, sugar-plum.
Commendable, III. i. 76, stress on first syllable.
Commoditie (*commodity*), III. iii. 169, merchandise, wares.
Conceit, II. i. 283, idea, belief; Mer. of Ven., III. iv. 4.
Conditions, III. ii. 60, qualities.
Confirm'd (*confirmed*), V. iii. 18, stress on first syllable; unmoved.
Conjecture, IV. i. 111, suspicion; Ham., IV. v. 17.
Conjure, II. i. 245, put under a spell; Ham., V. i. 263.
Consummate, III. ii. 2, consummated, accomplished; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 417.
Contemptible, II. iii. 176, scornful.
Content, V. i. 97, restrain, keep cool.
Controllment (*controlment*), I. iii. 19, constraint.
Conveiance (*conveyance*), II. i. 235, dexterity.
Convert, I. i. 119, turn, be converted; Macb., IV. iii. 268.
Coole (*cool*), II. iii. 199, rest.
Coosins (*cousins*), I. ii. 22, kinsmen, attendants.
Couched, III. i. 33, two syllables.
Counsell (*counsel*), II. iii. 195, reflection.
Counties, IV. i. 322, counts.

Coursies (*courtesies*), IV. i. 326, polite forms.
Crosse (*cross*), V. i. 152, across the body.
Cunning, V. i. 235, knowing, wise.
Curiously, V. i. 167, skilfully, carefully; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 150.
Curst, II. i. 21, sharp-tongued.
Cuts, III. iv. 19, slashings.

Daffe (*daff*), V. i. 88, *daft* (*daffed*), II. iii. 165, put off, put aside; *cf. dafts*, Oth., IV. ii. 207.
Dang'rous (*dangerous*), V. i. 108, threatening.
Deadlie (*deadly*), V. i. 186, mortally; Tro. & Cres., V. v. 14.
Deere (*dear*), I. i. 125, precious, true; Rom. & Jul., III. iii. 33.
Defend, II. i. 89, forbid.
Den, III. ii. 73, V. i. 50, evening; John, I. i. 195.
Deprave, V. i. 106, speak ill of persons; Tim. of Ath. I. ii. 148.
Derives it selfe (*itself*), IV. i. 143, descends; 2 Hen. IV, IV. v. 47.
Difference, I. i. 66, heraldic sign to distinguish bearers of the same family coat-of-arms.
Discover, I. ii. 10, III. ii. 83, disclose.
Division, V. i. 231, arrangement.
Do, V. i. 160, give; *doe* (*do*), II. i. 111, act the part.
Doctor, V. i. 212, wise man.
Dotage, II. iii. 164, 208, foolish affection.
Double dealer, V. iv. 119, unfaithful husband or lover.
Doubt, V. i. 132, suspect.
Downe (*down*) *sleeves*, III. iv. 20, hanging sleeves.
Drawe (*draw*), V. i. 142, draw the sword; Lear, II. ii. 127, iv. 46.
Dumbe show (*dumb-show*), II. iii. 209, pantomime, spectacle.
Dumps, II. iii. 75, melancholy strains; Two Gen. of Ver., III. ii. 86.

Earnest, II. i. 38, part payment; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 728.
Eate (*eat*), IV. i. 202, eaten; Love's Lab., IV. ii. 26.
Eftest, IV. ii. 32, readiest.
Embassage, I. i. 270, II. i. 257, message, errand; Love's Lab., V. ii. 104.
Ends, I. i. 277, endings of letters.
Engagde (*engaged*), IV. i. 337, pledged.
Entertain'd (*entertained*), I. iii. 54, employed.
Errors, IV. i. 170, falsehoods, misconceptions; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 389.
Ethiope, V. iv. 40, negress.
Even, IV. i. 273, plain, easy; As You, V. iv. 30.
Exceedes (*exceeds*), III, iv. 17, excels all others; Per., II. iii. 16.
Exceeding, V. iv. 119, adverb.
Excellent, II. iii. 156, III. i. 103, adverb.
Experimental, IV. i. 173, of experience.
Extasie (*ecstasy*), II. iii. 148, madness; Ham., III. iv. 148–9.

Fairest, I. i. 307, best.
Faith, I. i. 71, II. i. 173, fidelity to friendship; V. iv. 9, honor.
Familiar, V. iv. 74, four syllables, *fa-mil-i-ar*.
Fancie (*fancy*), III. ii. 30, love; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 165.
Fashion-monging, V. i. 105, foppish.
Fathers herself, I. i. 107, is like her father.
Favour, II. i. 89, III. iii. 20, countenance, appearance; Love's Lab., IV. iii. 279.
Fence, V. i. 85, defence, skill in fencing.
Festivall (*festival*), V. ii. 38, choice, not of every day.
Fetch in, I. i. 216, take in, dupe.
Fine, I. i. 237, conclusion.
Fleere (*fleer*), V. i. 66, sneer, mock.
Flight, I. i. 40, a light arrow.
Flout, I. i. 276, make fun of; *flowting jacke* (*flouting jack*), I. i. 178, mocking rascal.
Foole (*fool*), II. i. 299, a term of endearment rather than contempt.

For, III. ii. 87, V. iv. 29, as for; V. iv. 112, because.
Foundation, V. i. 328, house.
Foyning (*joining*), V. i. 94, thrusting.
Frame, IV. i. 136, arrangement, ordering.
From, III. i. 77, outside of, opposed to; Tw. Night, I. v. 189.
Furnish, III. i. 108, dress; As You, III. ii. 241.

Gives out, II. i. 200, reports.
Goe (*go*), I. i. 181, join; V. i. 107, walk.
Gone about, IV. i. 68, endeavoured.
Good yeere (*year*), I. iii. 2, plague, a mild imprecation.
Grace, I. iii. 21, II. iii. 28, favour.
Gracious, IV. i. 113, four syllables; attractive.
Graunt (*grant*), I. i. 307, boon.
Grieved, IV. i. 94, two syllables.
Guarded, I. i. 275, trimmed; Mer. of Ven., II. ii. 150.
Guardes (*guards*), I. i. 276, trimmings.
Guerdon, V. iii. 6, recompense.
Gull, II. iii. 119, trick.

H, III. iv. 52, pronounced at the time like the word 'ache.'
Haggerds (*haggards*), III. i. 39, wild hawks.
Hale, II. iii. 62, haul, drag; Tw. Night, III. ii. 61.
Halfpence, II. iii. 139, bits.
Happines (*happiness*), II. iii. 178, gift of fortune, endowment; Ham., II. ii. 232.
Haps, III. i. 111, chances.
Harken (*hearken*) *after*, V. i. 220, listen to.
Have, II. i. 241, *have turned*, V. i. 129, *have had*, the perfect infinitive for the present, by attraction to the tense of the main verb.
Heare (*hear*) *tell*, II. i. 331, the indefinite subject of the infinitive is omitted.
Heart-burn'd (*burned*), II. i. 7, distressed at the stomach.
Height, IV. i. 309, highest degree.
High proofe (*high-proof*), V. i. 137, to the utmost.
His, V. ii 52, its, the latter word being of recent coinage and not universally used.
Hobby-horses, III. ii. 65, silly fellows.
Hold, I. i. 86, *hold friends with*, stand by; II. iii. 122, *hold up*, continue; III. ii. 87, *holds*, esteems.
Holpe (*holp*), I. i. 48, helped; Temp., I. ii. 78.
How, III. i. 65, V. i. 159, an idiomatic usage equal to 'however.'

I (*ay*), II. iii. 95, yes; II. i. 282[1], V. i. 166, in.
Idea, IV. i. 233, stress on first syllable; image; Love's Lab., IV. ii. 83.
Important, II. i. 6, importunate; Errors, V. i. 149.
Impose me to, V. i. 281, impose on me.
Impossible, II. i. 234, incredible.
In, II. iii. 28, into.
Incensed, V. i. 241, instigated.
Infinite, II. iii. 103, utmost extent.
Intend, II. ii. 33, put on.
Invention, IV. i. 202, four syllables; intelligence, power of thought; V. i. 292, imagination.
Inwardnesse (*inwardness*), IV. i. 254, affection, intimacy.

Jacke (*jack*), I. i. 178, V. i. 101, rascal.
Jade, I. i. 141, bad horse.
Jealous, II. i. 281, yellow.
Jealousie (*jealousy*), II. ii. 45, suspicion; Tw. Night, III. iii. 10.
Just, II. i. 342, adjective, exact; II. i. 28, V. i. 174, just so, exactly.

Kid-foxe (*fox*), II. iii. 41, young fox.
Kinde (*kind*), I. i. 29, natural.
Kindly, IV. i. 78, natural.
Knight, V. iii. 15, votaress, follower; for its use for a female, *cf.* All's Well, I. iii. 109.

Labour, V. i. 292, transitive, work out; Rich. III, I. iv. 245.
Lapwing, III. i. 27, green plover.

Large, II. iii. 191, IV. i. 54, broad; immodest.
Largely, V. iv, 73, at length.
Learn, IV. i. 32, teach; Rich. II, IV. i. 121.
Leavy, II. iii. 77, leafy; Macb., V. vi. 6.
Leonato, I. i. 93, stress on third syllable, *Le-o-na'-to*.
Levelld (*leveled*), IV. i. 246, aimed, directed.
Lewd, V. i. 345, depraved.
Liberall (*liberal*), IV. i. 97, licentious.
Like of, V. iv. 62, like; Love's Lab., I. i. 116.
Likt (*like*), V. i. 129, idiomatic use for 'almost had'; *cf.* Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 815.
Locke (*lock*), III. iii. 163, V. i. 319, lovelock, curl of hair.
Lodge, II. i. 206, watchman's hut.
Low, I. i. 167, III. i. 70, short.
Luxurious, IV. i. 43, licentious.

Maie (*May*), V. i. 86, hey-day, prime.
Manerly (*mannerly*), II. i. 71, adverb with *modest*; *cf.* Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 105.
March-chicke (*chick*), I. iii. 52, chicken hatched in March.
Marle (*marl*), II. i. 59, clay.
Marry with, V. iv. 39, marry; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 48.
Matter, II. i. 314, sense, seriousness; Lear, IV. vi. 188; I. i. 185, II. iii. 208, thing.
Me, I. iii. 55, III. iii. 141, ethical dative.
Meddle or make, III. iii. 52, have to do, interfere; Mer. Wives, I. iv. 103.
Medicinable, II. ii. 6, healing; Oth. V. ii. 425.
Meerely (*merely*), II. iii. 209, absolutely; Temp., I. i. 65.
Meet, I. i. 46, even.
Mettall (*metal*), II. i. 56, material.
Mile, II. iii. 16, the singular form used for the plural after numerals; Macb., V. v. 43.
Misgovernment, IV. i. 104, misconduct.
Misprision, IV. i. 193, mistake; Love's Lab., IV. iii. 102.
Mis-prizing (*misprising*), III. i. 56, scorning, undervaluing; All's Well, III. ii. 31.
Misuse, II. ii. 26, deceive; *misused* (*misused*), II. i. 229, abused.
Modell (*model*), I. iii. 42, foundadation, ground plan.
Moe, II. iii. 74, more, used only as plural; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 117.
Morall (*moral*), III. iv. 72, hidden meaning; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 86.
Morall (*moral*), I. iii. 11, V. i. 33, philosophical; As You, II. vii. 32.
Mortifying, I. iii. 12, killing.
Move, IV. i. 77, put; *moved*, III. i. 72, two syllables.
Much, I. i. 22, redundant after very.
My, IV. i. 48, transposed from before the adjective, only with vocatives.

Naught, V. i. 168, good for nothing; As You, I. ii. 64.
Naughty, IV. ii. 66, rascally.
Neere (*near*), II. i. 157, intimate with; Rich. III, III. iv. 18.
Neighbours, V. ii. 72, *time of good neighbours*, long, long ago.
Newes (*news*), I. i. 5, II. i. 166, treated as plural; *cf.* Hen. VIII, II. ii. 46.
Night-gowne (*gown*), III. iv. 18, dressing-gown.
Non-come, III. v. 59, for '*non compos mentis*,' of unsound mind.
Nor, II. i. 121, for 'and'; reënforcing the negative *not*.
Not, IV. i. 181, before the verb, as if in a phrase with 'do.'
Nothing, II. iii. 60, pronounced like *noting*, l. 58.
Nuptiall (*nuptial*), IV. i. 71, wedding; for the singular, *cf.* Love's Lab., IV. i. 85.

Of, I i. 122, III. iii. 170, by; V. iv. 125, upon; (*off*), III. v. 11, astray from; V. i. 108, off.
Old, V. ii. 91, intensive; *cf.* Mer. of Ven., IV. ii. 19.
On, II. i. 157, of; *cf.* l. 149; IV. i. 145, of.

Once, I. i. 308, once for all, in a word.
Onely, I. iii. 36, alone, modifying *it*; II. i. 132, transposed, modifying *gift*; III. i. 8, modifying *his*.
Opinion'd (*opinioned*), IV. ii. 62, pinioned, bound.
Orchard, I. ii. 9, II. iii. 5, etc., garden,
Orthography, II. iii. 19, user of fine words.
Overborne, II. iii. 148, overcome; *cf.* Mids. Night Dr., IV. i. 197.

Packt (*pack'd*), V. i. 309, confederate; Errors, V. i. 235.
Paint out, III. ii. 98, describe.
Palabras, III. v. 17, *pocas palabras* (Spanish), in few words.
Passing, II. i. 75, exceedingly; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 19.
Passion, V. i. 27, violent emotion; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 296.
Patience, V. i. 22, three syllables.
Penthouse (*pent-house*), III. iii. 102, shed, porch.
Pikes, V. ii. 22, spikes in centre of round shields.
Pleached, I. ii. 9, III. i. 9, two syllables; made of interlaced vines.
Pleasant, I. i. 38, jesting, merry.
Please, I. i. 154, if it please your grace; the original construction, of impersonal verb and personal object in the dative, from which 'if you please' is derived.
Plucke (*pluck*) *up*, V. i. 213, take courage.
Poore (*poor*), III. v. 21, transposed, modifying *officers*.
Possesse (*possess*), V. i. 290, inform; Tw. Night, II. iii. 135; *possessed*, III. iii. 144, influenced or instructed.
Pound, I. i. 85, pounds; the singular form regularly used for the plural after numerals.
Practise (*practice*), IV. i. 196, plotting.
Preceptiall (*preceptial*), V. i. 27, consisting of precepts.
Present, III. iii. 73, represent; 2 Hen. IV, V. ii. 87.
Presently, I. i. 83, 318, II. ii. 52, etc., immediately.
Presse (*press*), III. i. 81, torture with heavy weights.
Prisde (*prized*), III. i. 95, estimated.
Profest (*professed*), III. iv. 64, made a business of; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 10.
Project, III. i. 59, idea, image.
Prolong'd (*prolonged*), IV. i. 264, deferred; Rich. III, III. iv. 53.
Proofe (*proof*), II. i. 173, experience; IV. i. 48, trial.
Proper, I. iii. 48, IV. i. 316, fine, ironical; II. iii. 177, *properest* (*properest*), V. i. 182, handsome, handsomest.
Proposing, III. i. 5, talking.
Protest, V. i. 160, proclaim.
Purpose (*propose*), III. i. 14, stress on second syllable; conversation.
Push, V. i. 41, attack; Macb., V. iii. 25.

Qu (*cue*), II. i. 291, turn to speak.
Queasie (*queasy*), II. i. 364, fastidious.
Queint (*quaint*), III. iv. 21, elegant, artistic.
Question, III. iii. 171, V. iv. 7, examination.
Quips, II. iii. 228, sarcasms.
Quirks, II. iii. 225, shallow witticisms.
Quit of, IV. i. 208, requite, punish.

Racke (*rack*), IV. i. 229, stretch, strain; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 190.
Rebato (*rabato*), III. iv. 7, ruff.
Rechate (*recheat*), I. i. 233, recall from the chase.
Rechie (*reechy*), III. iii. 130, smoky, dirty; Ham., III. iv. 187.
Reclusive, IV. i. 251, secluded.
Remorse, IV. i. 220, pity.
Render, IV. i. 31, give back; *rendred* (*rendered*), V. iii. 34, offered.
Reportingly, III. i. 122, by report.
Reproove (*reprove*), II. iii. 221, disprove, deny.
Respect, III. iv. 18, comparison; Love's Lab., V. ii. 706.
Reverence, V. i. 72, privilege of age.

Reward (*rearward*), IV. i. 134, *on the reward of*, following, after; *cf.* 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 314.
Rhewme (*rheum*), V. ii. 78, flow of tears.
Right, V. i. 160, satisfaction.

Sad, I. i. 178, iii. 56, II. i. 327, serious.
Sadly, II. iii. 211, seriously.
Salv'd (*salved*), I. i. 305, smoothed over.
Scambling, V. i. 105, quarrelsome, pushing; Hen. V, I. i. 7.
Scape, I. i. 131, escape.
Seeming, IV. i. 58, specious appearance; Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 163.
Selfe indeared (*self-endeared*), III. i. 60, in love with self.
Sentences, II. iii. 229, sententious sayings; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 11.
Seven night, II. i. 342, week; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 23.
Severall (*several*), V. iii. 30, separate.
Shames, IV. i. 167, blanchings, pallors; for the plural, *cf.* Ant. & Cleo., I. iv. 82.
Shape, III. ii. 33, fashion of dress.
Shrewd, II. i. 20, sharp.
Slops, III. ii. 34, loose breeches; 2 Hen. IV, I. ii. 30.
Smeered (*smirched*), IV. i. 141, two syllables; soiled, stained.
Smircht (*smirched*), III. iii. 133, soiled, stained.
Smoaking, I. iii. 54, fumigating.
So, II. i. 83, if.
Soft, V. i. 213, iv. 76, gently, not so fast; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 338.
Sort, I. i. 11, 35, rank; Hen. V, IV. vii. 144.
Sort, V. iv. 8, turn out, happen; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 373.
Speeds (*speed's*), V. iii. 33, speed us, favour us.
Squarer, I. i. 77, quarreller; *cf.* Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 29.
Staffe (*staff*), V. i. 151, lance.
Stale, IV. i. 68, harlot.
Stalke (*stalk*), II. iii. 95, follow the game as a fowler.
Start-up, I. iii. 61, upstart.
Still, I. i. 113, continually.
Stomacke (*stomach*), I. iii. 14, appetite.
Stops, III. ii. 54, keys of a wind-instrument.
Straine (*strain*), II. i. 360, lineage; Jul. Cæs., V. i. 67; V. i. 15, feeling; Love's Lab., V. ii. 832.
Successe (*success*), IV. i. 243, the issue; All's Well, I. iii. 255.
Sufferance, V. i. 41, suffering.
Sun-burn'd (*sun-burnt*), II. i. 304, not fair, ill-favoured.
Sure, I. iii. 63, faithful.
Swift, III. i. 94, ready.

Tane (*ta'en*), III. v. 32, taken.
Taxe (*tax*), I. i. 45, censure.
Temper, II. ii. 20, mix; *cf.* Loves' Lab., IV. iii. 366.
Temporize (*temporise*), I. i. 264, make terms; John, V. ii. 131.
Terminations, II. i. 238, terms, epithets.
That, II. iii. 138, yes, so; *cf.* Jul. Cæs., II. i. 18[2]; III. ii. 107, what, that which.
Thee, III. i. 3, IV. i. 25, possibly for 'thou,' subject of the imperative, rather than a reflective object.
This, III. iii. 123, singular, as if the period of time were thought of as a whole.
Throughly, IV. i. 208, thoroughly.
Tinsel, III. iv. 21, fabric woven with gold and silver threads.
Tire, III. iii. 13, head-dress.
Tongues, V. i. 176, foreign languages.
To-night, III. v. 31, last night; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 142.
Tooth-picker, II. i. 256, toothpick.
Top, I. ii. 14, forelock.
Trace, III. i. 18, pace.
Trans-shape, V. i. 180, caricature.
Triall (*trial*) *of a man*, V. i. 74, manly combat.
Trothed, III. i. 42, two syllables; betrothed.
Trow, III. iv. 55, think ye.
Truths, II. ii. 44, proofs.
Tuition, I. i. 271, guardianship.
Tyrant, I. i. 164, cruel, pitiless one; Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 183.

Unconfirm'd (*unconfirmed*), III. iii. 114, inexperienced; Love's Lab., IV. i. 19.
Underborn (*underborne*), III. iv. 20, lined, faced.
Undergoes, V. ii. 54, is subject to.
Unhappinesse (*unhappiness*), II. i. 329, mischief; *cf.* Rich. III, I. ii. 28.
Untowardly, III. ii. 119, unluckily.
Up and down, II. i. 112, exactly; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iii. 31.
Use, II. i. 267, interest, usury; Tw. Night, III. i. 51.

Vagrom, III. iii. 26, vagrant; Mer. Wives, III. i. 23.
Victuall (*victual*), I. i. 48, food; used here only in singular.

Wagge (*wag*), V. i. 19, begone; Mer. Wives, II. i. 209.
Watchings, II. i. 353, going without sleep.
Weake (*weak*), III. i. 58, worthless.
Weedes (*weeds*), V. iii. 31, garments; Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 44.
What, II. i. 126, who.
Which, II. i. 98, what.
Who, I. i. 206, V. i. 233, whom; Oth., I. ii. 64.
Wide, IV. i. 64, far from the truth.
Windy, II. i. 300, windward.
Wisdomes (*wisdoms*), IV. i. 195, V. i. 238, plural because more than one person is meant.
With, II. i. 58, by.
Woe (*woo*), II. iii. 49, solicit.
Woodcocke (*woodcock*), V. i. 168, brainless fellow.
Woollen (*woolen*), II. i. 30, blankets.
World, II. i. 304, matrimony; All's Well, I. iii. 20; III. v. 36, wonder; Tam. of Shr., II. i. 337.
Writ, V. iv. 96, for the shortened participle, *cf.* Lear, I. ii. 88.
Write against, IV. i. 58, denounce; Cymb., II. v. 33.
Wrong'd (*wronged*), II. i. 228, slandered; *cf.* Rich. III, IV. iv. 223.

You, II. iii. 111, ethical dative; *cf. me*, I. ii. 55.

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